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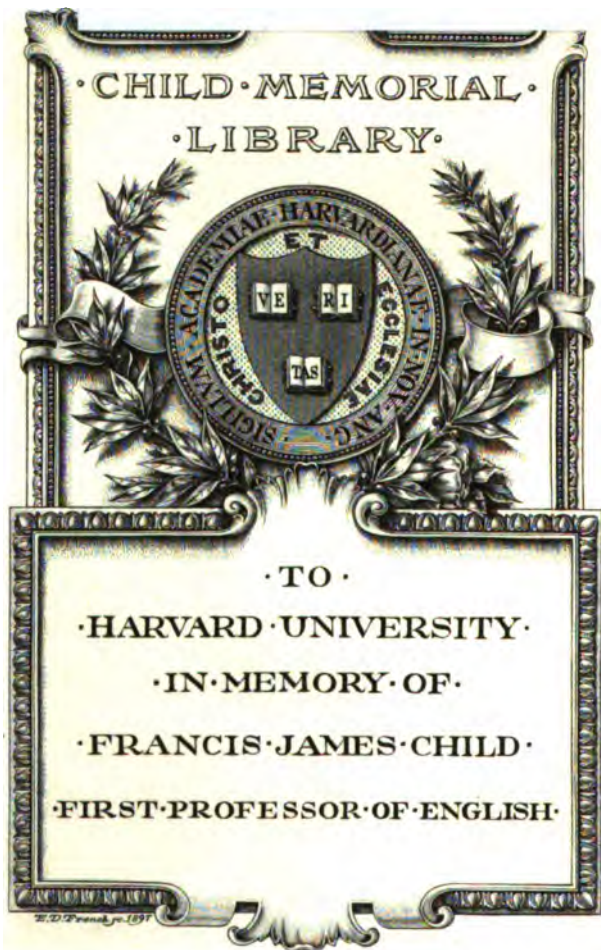
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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, circa 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



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The Bankside Shakespeare

II.,

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW



*(The Players' Text of "The Taming of a Shrew"
of 1594, with the Heminges and
Condell Text of 1623)*

With an Analytical Study of the growth of the
Play, and touching the question as to
whether both Plays are the work
of William Shakespeare

BY

ALBERT R. FREY, Esq.

*Secretary of The Shakespeare Society of New York; author
of "William Shakespeare and alleged Spanish
Prototypes;" "A Dictionary of Sobri-
quets and Nicknames,"
etc., etc.*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
1888



To
James Orchard Halliwell-Phillips, f.R.S.
THE FIRST HONORARY MEMBER
OF
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
THIS EDITION OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"
IS DEDICATED
AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE
BY
THE EDITOR

INTRODUCTION

IN offering the following considerations, I can only state that the evidence brought forward is such as is supported by contemporary authors, *i. e.* purely external. I am aware that the date to which I assign this play will probably give rise to more or less controversy; but at the same time there is no one who can prove that *The Taming of the Shrew* was in existence prior to 1607.

Two years ago I should not have ventured to declare the older comedy to be the production of Shakespeare; but a critical study of the play has convinced me that it was rightly assigned to him by that forgotten commentator, Edward Capell.

I.

THE INDUCTION.

The origin of many of our popular tales and plots for dramatic representation may be traced to Oriental sources, and in especial the collection of stories entitled *The Arabian Nights* has been found a rich storehouse for writers of succeeding centuries to borrow from. In this work occurs the story of Abou Hassan, who, having encountered a stranger upon the street one evening, confided to him his desire to exercise the functions of the Khalif for but a single day. The stranger, who happened to be none other than Haroun Alraschid himself, after

administering a sleeping potion to Abou Hassan, had him privately conveyed to his own residence, where he was dressed in fine clothes, and placed in office the succeeding day. In the evening he was again put to sleep, and when he awoke the following morning he found himself in his own position. The entire proceeding was repeated, and finally the Khalif threw off his disguise, and disclosed the secret to the astonished subject.

The same story is found in Marco Polo,¹ who relates that the Assassins were accustomed to obtain their followers by drugging young men, and that while under the influence of the *hascheesch*, or whatever it may have been, they were led into a beautiful garden and treated in a princely manner. Upon regaining their senses, they found themselves in their former condition, now seemingly unbearable, and became voluntary adherents of the tribe of the "Old Man of the Mountain," for the sake of once more enjoying the pleasures they had experienced while in their stupefied state.

The earliest writers of western Europe who have written upon this metamorphosis are Ludovico Vives,² who states that he heard it from a Spanish nobleman, who witnessed it at the court of Philip the Good of Burgundy; Pontus Heuterus, who relates it in his *Rerum Burgundicarum libri sex* (1584);³ and David Chytræus, who mentions it in the *Chronicon Saxonie et vicinarum aliquot gentium* (1593).⁴ The first English translation of the story appeared in 1570, in a collection of short comic tales "sett forth by Richard Edwardes, mayster of her Maiesties

¹ *De tyranno quodam insigni et sicarijs ejus* (lib. i. cap. 28).

² *Epistolarum quæ hactenus desiderabantur Farrago*. Antwerp:æ, MDLVI (fol. 25 et infra).

³ Lib. iv. 150.

⁴ Lib. iii. 110.

reuels;" the second, in Barclay's *Discourse of the Felicitie of Man* (1598). The latter version, as well as those by Grimstone (1607) and Burton (1621), we may dismiss at once as being foreign to this enquiry. Lastly, the story of the sleeper assumes its earliest dramatic form in the induction to a play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*, which we must notice at this place before instituting further comparisons.

On May the 2d, 1594, there was entered to a printer named Peter Short, in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, "a booke intituled a plesant conceyted hystorie called the Tayminge of a Shrowe," and the published work bears the title of *A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants, Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594.* This comedy was written before the 23d day of August, 1589, when Greene's *Menaphon* (which contains satirical allusions to it) was entered in the Stationers' Registers. We know from the title-page that it was acted by the Earl of Pembroke's company, and it was also one of the plays represented at the Newington Butts Theatre by the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's men in June, 1594. This play was reprinted by Burby in 1596, in which year it is alluded to by Sir John Harington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, as follows: "Read the booke of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a Shrew in our Countrey, save he that hath hir." Burby, on the 22d of January, 1606-7, transferred the copyright of *Romeo and Fuliet*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of a Shrew* to Nicholas Ling, who, in 1607, issued a third edition

of the latter play, and then, in his turn, sold the copyright November 19th, 1607, to John Smithwick, one of the proprietors of the first Folio edition of 1623, and also the publisher of the Quarto of 1631 which "was acted by his Majesties Servants at the Blacke Friers and the Globe." A few years ago Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller, offered for sale a hitherto unknown edition, not of the older play, but one closely resembling the 1631 Quarto.¹ This he claims precedes the first Folio by several years. It would thus appear that Smithwick, after making his purchase from Ling, induced Shakespeare to re-write the play, and then issued it in quarto form some time between 1610 and 1623, and again in the Folio of the latter year. This opinion is strengthened by its absence in the list of those plays which, in 1623, had not been "entered to other men."

¹ The following is Mr. Quaritch's description of this rarity : —

SHAKESPEARE'S TAMING OF THE SHREW, first quarto, sm. 4to, wanting preliminary leaves, sewed, unbound, £63. About 1615-20. This undescribed edition (which Collier rashly assigned to the year 1607, because that date appears in a half-cut-away inscription in a Jacobean hand at the top of the first page) would at first sight appear identical with Smithwick's edition of 1631, until a close inspection reveals variations (for example, A 4 verso, *thorine* for *thornie*, and on the last page *traiour* for *trailour*), as well as the fact that the page of type is a fraction longer in this than in that; and the type, although of identical setting-up in each, — excepting in the instances of variations, — is much clearer and more perfect in the Collier book, while it is blurred and worn away in that of 1631. The only way to account for these discrepancies lies in the assumption that W. S. (William Stansby, who was at work between 1597 and 1631), printed the book for Smithwick probably between 1611 and 1620, and reissued it in 1631, without allusion to a prior appearance. Hitherto the piece dated 1631 has been the first known Quarto of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* (and consequently of no great importance as being posterior to the first Folio); but the article above described reveals the existence of an edition anterior to the first Folio, not till now recorded by bibliographers.

The induction to this play, as we have said before, embraces the old story of Abou Hassan in a modified form. How it was received by the spectators we do not know; probably, however, unfavorably, as the playwrights of that day had utilized this species of prologue to such an extent that Fletcher, in *The Woman Hater* (1607), begins with, "Gentlemen, inductions are out of date." This censure extended even to such authors as Peele, Kyd, and Jonson, and it may have influenced Shakespeare into not employing an induction in any other play.

The inference, thus far, is that Shakespeare was the author of *The Taming of a Shrew*, further proofs of which will be produced when we come to consider the play itself. For the present it behooves us to determine the source from which he derived the material for his induction. If we take 1589 as the latest date at which the play could have been written, we find that the only English work previously issued containing the story of the sleeper was the jest-book by Edwardes, previously referred to. This book was considered to be lost, until Warton declared that he had read it in the library of his friend William Collins, the poet.¹ In 1845 Norton published a tale in the *Shakespeare Society Papers* entitled *The waking man's dream*, which he discovered written upon the leaves of an old book, evidently dating from the middle of the sixteenth century. This tale he declared to be the long-lost work of Edwardes, and a comparison of the version as here found with the induction of the old play strengthens Mr. Norton's assumption. Moreover, a jest-book is a work which would very probably be passed from hand to hand until it was "read to

¹ *History of English Poetry* (cap. lii.).

pieces ;" it would naturally attract the attention of literary men, who would hope to be able to cull witticisms from its pages to incorporate into their own works ; and finally, not being deemed a store-house of great learning or research, it would probably chiefly circulate among a class of people who are not over-careful in the preservation of printed books. To this jest-book, then, we must for the present ascribe the origin of the Sly episode, until proofs may be discovered to contradict this opinion.

The characters in the old play are :—

A Lord.	}	Persons in the Induction.
Sly.		
A Tapster.		
Page, Players, Huntsmen, etc.		
Alphonsus. A merchant of Athens.		
Jerobel. Duke of Cestus.		
Aurelius. His son.	}	Suitors to the daughters of Alphonsus.
Ferando.		
Polidor.		
Valeria. Servant to Aurelius.		
Sander. Servant to Ferando.		
Phylotus. A merchant who personates the duke.		
Kate.	}	Daughters to Alphonsus.
Emelia.		
Phylema.		
Tailor, haberdasher, and servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.		
Scene, Athens ; and sometimes Ferando's country house.		

The variations in the names of the characters in the two plays do not decide in favor of a non-Shakespearean authorship, as this was a frequent practice among the dramatic authors of the time. Ben Jonson altered the names of the *dramatis personæ* of his *Every Man in his Humour*, as will be seen by comparing the Quarto of 1601 with the Folio of 1616 ; Sir John Falstaff was originally called Sir John Oldcastle, and in the *Hamlet* of 1603 Polonius is changed to Corambis.

The scene of the induction in the old play we do not know, although it is probably the same as in the first Folio, *i. e.* at Wincot, a hamlet near Stratford-on-Avon. We are led to this conclusion on account of the presence of Sly, concerning whom the following facts have been determined : —

There is an old tradition that the ale-house at Wincot, frequented by Sly, was often visited by Shakespeare "for the sake of diverting himself with a fool who belonged to a neighboring mill." A Stephen Sly, one of the servants of William Combe, and probably a relative of the tinker, is mentioned several times in the records of Stratford in connection with the disputes arising from the attempted enclosure of common lands. "This fact," says Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "taken in conjunction with the references to Wilmecote and Barton-on-the-Heath, definitely proves that the scene of the induction was intended to be in the neighborhood of Stratford-on-Avon, the water-mill tradition leading to the belief that Little Wilmecote, the part of the hamlet nearest to the poet's native town, is the Wincot alluded to in the comedy." In a manuscript written in 1615, Stephen Sly is described as a laborer, and the "Steeven Slye House" is mentioned in the parish register of Stratford of the same year. A Christopher Sly was a contemporary of Shakespeare at Stratford, and he is mentioned in Greene's manuscript *Diary* under date of March the 2d, 1615-6.¹ "The locality of Wincot," says the writer just quoted, "was long recognized as the scene of Christopher Sly's fondness for potatoes. When, in 1658, Sir Aston Cockayn

¹ The reader should consult Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines* for further interesting particulars concerning the Sly family and the mill; also French, *Shakspeariana Genealogica* (pp. 317-20), and *Notes and Queries* (2d Ser. xii. 266).

addressed some lines¹ to one Clement Fisher, of that village, his theme solely refers to the Wincot ale and to its power over the tinker of the comedy."

We have not considered it necessary to call attention to the great number of parallel passages in the two plays; the reader, however, cannot fail to agree with the writer that the difference between the two is little more than that of the Quarto *Hamlets*, or the 1602 and 1623 *Merry Wives*. Moreover, we have not noted the variations between the three Quartos of 1594, 1596, and 1607, as the same are all to be found in the excellent reprint by the Shakespeare Society under the supervision of Mr. Amyot. The principal improvements made by the poet when re-writing the old induction are as follows:—

Sly is carried to the "fairest chamber" of the Lord's house, thus rendering the illusion upon his awakening more complete, as he was totally unacquainted with the interior of the nobleman's residence. The players would in all probability sooner resort to such a building, where they would find a munificent patronage, than to a public inn, devoid of proper accommodation, and likely to be filled with a crowd of gaping country clowns. The actors in the old comedy are referred to as a company employed by the Lord. This is crude workmanship, as only a few lines below we find the nobleman asking,

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

It would thus appear that he is unacquainted with

¹ Shakespeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
'T will make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakespeare fancies
Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

the performances of his own troupe. But in the Folio they are designated as

players
That offer service to your lordship.

A most decided improvement upon the older version. Again, the actor's reply which this query invokes is, —

Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

Then the other actor corrects the speaker for his mispronunciation, saying "thout shame vs all." Now it is exceedingly improbable that a player, and especially one of the spokesmen for the entire troupe, would commit such a gross blunder; but when we find a similar expression put into the mouth of Sly in the Folio, we are reconciled, and must acknowledge the appropriateness of the transfer. Later on we find the page receiving the order for the change of attire directly from the mouth of the nobleman, but in the Folio a third person is employed, Shakespeare probably recognizing the length of time required for a change of costume.

It may be claimed that the old induction has a passage which is an improvement upon the latter one, to wit, where the actors ask for properties. But when we consider what those properties were, we find their absence in the Folio accounted for by order of the Lord: —

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

This passage goes to show, not that the nobleman sent them there because he considered them a species of half-starved vagabonds; far from it, it implies simply that they should refresh themselves before commencing to perform, and decide upon such

properties as they might require. The leg of mutton and the vinegar were both kept in this place. We are not informed how the latter was employed, but as it makes the voice smooth it is probable that the actors who personated the servingmen of Ferando helped themselves to it, so that they could bellow lustily when he administers the beating.¹

Occasionally we find passages which reveal to us the method of Shakespeare's workmanship. Thus, for example, in the Folio we read (line 15),—

I'll not budge an inch, boy.

This, as it now stands, does not make very good sense, but our author probably overlooked the fact that he had changed the sex of the inn-keeper, and, having his older version before him, he unconsciously wrote a line which, although it would be appropriate enough for *The Taming of a Shrew*, is out of place in its successor. In re-writing the play Shakespeare has also reduced the number of Kate's sisters from two to one, and although he did not retain Sander "with a blew coat," he alludes to Petruchio's servants as being similarly clothed (line 1717).²

Now a few words as to the fate of Sly before taking up the discussion of the play itself. In the later comedy we are left uninformed concerning his awakening, which is difficult to account for, especially so because we find no such abrupt termination in the older play. A reason, however, suggests itself. It may have been customary for the actors to carry out the tinker in his chair at the conclusion of

¹ *Vid.* Griffith, *The Morality of Shakespeare's Drama*.

² Blue coats were the usual habits of servants. In a letter to Lord Burghley, dated June, 1584, a disturbance "at Theater doore" is narrated, caused by "one Browne, a serving man in a blew coat." Similarly, Marston, in *The Scourge of Villanie* alludes to

Base blew-coates, tapsters, broad-minded slaves.

the performance,¹ and consequently the play-house copy from which the first Folio was probably printed ended with the second scene of the fifth act.

II.

THE PLAY.

The Taming of the Shrew being first printed in the folio of 1623, we will attempt to ascertain the date of its composition before enquiring into the sources of the plot. We avail ourselves of two kinds of evidence : first, that which is adduced from trustworthy contemporary records, and as it is indisputable we will call it *conclusive evidence* ; and, secondly, that which is based more or less on supposition, guesswork, or whatever the reader may be pleased to call it, which we will designate as *conjectural evidence*. The opinions of the various commentators are here produced chronologically, and when lines are quoted the numeration of the present edition has been adopted.

¹ This assumption is strengthened by the fact that Sly "nods and does not mind the play." Elze, however, suspects that Shakespeare originally wrote a termination, but that "der Schluss durch die Nachlässigkeit unkundiger und sorgloser Abschreiber verloren gegangen ist."

Conclusive.

1587. In this year was printed : THE pleasauntest workes of George *Gascoigne Esquyre*: *Newlye* compyled into one Volume, *That is to say*: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of warre, the Comedie called Suppofes, the Tragedie of *Iocasta*, the Steele glaffe, the Complaint of *Phylomene*, the Storie of *Ferdinando Ieronimi*, and the pleafure at Kenelworth Cattle. LONDON Imprinted by *Abell Ieffes*, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creeplegate, neere vnto Grubftreete. 1587.

[Shakespeare has closely followed Acts iv. and v. of this work. To it he is indebted for the Bianca and Lucentio episode, and for the names "Petrucio" and "Lytio."]

1589. In this year, the following work by Robert Greene is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company : —

23^o die Augusti.

Sampson Clerke / Entred for his Copie, *MENOPHON CAMILLUS allarum to slumberinge EPHEWES in his melancholy cell at Silixedria.* / Vnder th[e h]andes of Master doctour STALLER and both the Wardens. vj^a

[This work contains satirical allusions to *Theaming of a Shrew*.]

Conjectural.

1588. Den Stoff zu seinen Dramen entnahm Shakespeare nun öfter italienischen Quellen und versetzte sie auf italienischen Boden, aber auch nach antik römischen und spanischen Vorbildern und Quellen wurden einzelne Stücke geschaffen. Diesen Wendepunkt im Geschmack und der Dichtung Shakespeare's bezeichnet unseres Erachtens die *Zähmung der Widerspänstigen*, welche wir unmittelbar nach *Titus Andronicus* und in das Jahr 1588 setzen. — KÖNIG, in *Fahrbuch der Deutschen Shakes. Gesell.* (x. 202).

1594. In this year, the following entry occurs on the books of the Stationers' Company : —

Secundo die maij.

Peter Shorte / Entred vnto him for his copie vnder master warden Cawoodes hande / a booke intituled *A pleasant Conceyted historie called 'the Tayminge of a Shrowe.'* vj^a

In the same year occurs the following entry in Henslowe's diary : —

June 11. Rd at the tamynge of a shrowe ix^a

And shortly afterwards was published : —

A Pleafant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the *Right honorable the Earle of Pembrook* his seruants, Printed at London by Peter Short and *are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie*, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594.

Also printed in this year : —

A most pleasant and merie new Comedie, intituled A Knacke to Knowe a Knaue. Newlie set foorth, as it hath sundrie tymes bene played by Ed. Allen and his Companie. With Kemps applauded Merrimentes of the men of Goteham, in

Ante 1592. I entertain little doubt that *The Taming of the Shrew* dates at least before the year 1592.

— LLOYD.

1592. *The Taming of the Shrew* was written probably in 1592, and was acted in 1593. — HERAUD.

Circa 1593. The first appearance of the play, as I think, falls to about . . . the year 1593. — ULRICI.

1594. All the principal situations and part of the language of his [Shakespeare's] *Taming of the Shrew* are to be found in the conceited history called *The Taming of a Shrew*, a work of very considerable talent, as evinced by the conduct of the plot, the nature of the characters, and the versification of the dialogue. — COLLIER, *Hist'y Dram. Poetry* (iii. 77).

I believe that "the tamyng of a shrowe," which, according to Henslowe, was performed at the theatre in Newington, was not the older piece, but Shakespeare's play. This supposition is supported by the circumstance that in 1594 Shakespeare's company, together with the Lord Admiral's players, were under Henslowe's direction, and played in Newington, and that the older *Taming of a Shrew* belonged to neither of these two companies, — as the title of the print intimates, — but to the company of the Earl of Pembroke, and, accordingly, could not well have been given by Henslowe. — ULRICI.

[Drake assigns it to the year 1594, Stokes says it was written before that time, and Delius ascribes it to about that year. Knight is of the opinion that Shakespeare made a journey to Italy in 1593, and probably wrote this play upon his return.]

In the anonymous play of *A Knacke to Knowe a Knaue*, 1594, one of the old men says : —

My house ? why 'tis my goods, my wyfe, my land, my horse,
my ass, or anything that is his.

receiuing the King into Goteham. Imprinted at London by Richard Iones, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, nere Holborne Bridge. 1594.

1596. *The Taming of a Shrew* was again printed in this year. There was also published in the autumn of the year : —

A New Discovrse of a Stale Subject, called the Metamorphosis of Ajax : Written by Misacmos, to his friend and cosin Philostilpnos. At London, printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Black-friers. 1596.

This is a duodecimo of eighty leaves, written by Sir John Harington, and it contains the following sentence : —

Read the *booke of Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a Shrew in our Countrey, save he that hath hir.

1598. Meres does not mention the play.

[Delius asserts that it was omitted from his list because only a portion of it was written by Shakespeare ; but a more probable reason is that he could not have alluded to *The Taming of the Shrew*, as it was not yet in existence, and he did not know that Shakespeare was responsible for *The Taming of a Shrew*, as the authorship had not been made public in 1598.]

If Mr. Malone's conjecture respecting the date of *The Taming of the Shrew* be well founded, it is difficult to say whether Shakespeare is the borrower, in this instance, or not. — DOUCE.

1596. *The Taming of the Shrew* was first produced in 1596. An old play existed prior to Shakespeare's, but it is a very poor production. Shakespeare made little or no use of the incidents of his predecessor, nor did he derive any of his characterization from the older play. The life and spirit which mark Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* are entirely his own, for there is naught approaching them in the crude effort of the earlier dramatist, neither is the poetry of the same nature, the diction of Shakespeare being immeasurably superior. — HALL.

There being no edition of the genuine play in print, the bookseller hoped that the old piece with a similar title might pass on the common reader for Shakespeare's performance. This appears to have been a frequent practice of the booksellers in those days; for Rowley's play of *King Henry VIII.* I am persuaded was published in 1605 and 1613 with the same view as were *King Leir and his Three Daughters* in 1605, and Lord Sterline's *Fulius Cæsar* in 1607. — MALONE.

[Here two of the commentators disagree. Stokes affirms that Burby "was no literary pirate," and Malone supposes the contrary.]

1598. There is in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* a remarkable passage that the commentators have overlooked, as they did not know the contemporary history to which it related:—

'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua: Know you not the cause?
Your Ships are stay'd at Venice: And the Duke,
For private quarrel, 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath published, and proclaimed it openly:

Dem Umstande, dasz es von Meres nicht erwähnt wird, dürfte kaum ein entscheidendes Gewicht beizulegen sein. — ELZE.

1599. Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was brought out in this year, and entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, as follows : —

28 marcij.

Cutbert Burby. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the Wardens The Plaie of *Patient GRISSELL*. vj⁴

This was a rival piece, evidently written because *The Taming of a Shrew* was very successful. In Act v. 2, Sir Owen, producing his wands, says to the marquess : —

I will learn your medicines to tame shrews.

This passage may be considered as a precursor of Dekker's *Medicine for a Curst Wife*, also written in

'Tis marvel ; but that, you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

This significant passage plainly related to the commercial warfare between the Emperor and Elizabeth, which ended in avowed prohibitions by open proclamations. The Emperor Rudolf published an edict at Frankfort, on the 10th of September, 1597, banishing the merchant adventurers of England from their residence at Stade. In retaliation, Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation, on the 14th of January, 1597-8, commanding the merchants of the Hanse Towns to depart out of her dominions. The Mayor and Sheriffs of London were directed to remove the foreign merchants who usually resided in the Steelyard, and who, however, had address enough to obtain the respite of a month. It is easy to perceive that such transactions must have made noise enough, in such a city as London, to reach the quick and observant ears of Shakespeare. There is something said in the third and fourth acts about irregular marriages, which may have alluded to the proceedings of Parliament in 1597, on the same subject.

— CHALMERS.

opposition to our old comedy. *Vid. infra* under date 1602.

1600. In this year was printed the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, and the stage direction (v. 4) is : —

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Conf. this passage with date of 1604, *infra*.

1601. It appears to me that nobody has sufficiently attended to the apparently unimportant fact that in *Hamlet* Shakespeare mistakenly introduces the name of Baptista as that of a woman, while in *The*

1600-'01. I would assign *The Taming of the Shrew* to 1600-'01, and explain its form in some such way as this: It was written by some one on the model of the older play, and generally in a satisfactory manner; but the ending being found unsatisfactory, Shakespeare was desired to furnish some alterations, which he did; but the playwright who interwove these in the drama cut out the ending of the play as it stood, together with the end of the induction, not noticing that Sly was then left undisposed of; and the ending in Shakespeare's scene was so satisfactory that it was not found advisable to meddle with it afterwards. This will explain the absence from Meres's list, and all the other phenomena which appear at first so inexplicable. I might adduce other arguments to confirm the above: for instance, the extreme unlikelihood that Fletcher should in 1618, or thereabouts, choose a play to ridicule that had been published at least twenty-five years, if the ordinary theory is correct; or the much stronger argument, that if there is any truth in metrical tests, there is no place whatever in which this play can be introduced into any scheme of development of Shakespeare's metrical system. The number of rhymes would place it at the end of the first period, after *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet*, but its other metrical peculiarities, as noticed above, would not fit into any part of the plays of any period. — FLEAY, *Trans. New S. Soc'y* (1874, p. 95).

1600-'03. Date assigned by Richard Grant White to *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Taming of the Shrew Baptista is the father of Katharine and Bianca. Had he been aware when he wrote *Hamlet* that Baptista was the name of a man, he would hardly have used it for that of a woman; but before he produced *The Taming of the Shrew* he had detected his own error. The great probability is that *Hamlet* was written at the earliest in 1601, and *The Taming of the Shrew* perhaps came from the pen of its author not very long afterwards. — COLLIER.

1602. Lent unto Thomas Downton and Edward Jewbe, to geve unto Thomas Dickers, in earneste of a comody called a medyson for a curste wiffe, 19 of July 1602. } xxxx'

Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 31 of July 1602, to paye unto Thomas Dickers, in pte of payment of his comodey called a medysen for a curste wiffe, the some of } xxxix'

Layd owt more for the company, in pte of paymente for a booke called Medsen for a curste wiffe, some of—, unto thomas Deckers. [The date is Aug. 27 1602.] } x'

Pd at the apoyntment of the company, the 1 of septmbr 1602, in pte of payment for a comody called a medysen for a curste wiffe, to thomas Deckers, some of } iiij''

Pd at the apoyntment of the company, the 2 of septmbr 1602, in fulle payment for a comodey called a Medysen for a curste wiffe, to thomas Deckers, the some of } xxx'

The above five entries are taken from Henslowe. Dekker's play was another rival piece, written because *The Taming of a Shrew* was without doubt still very popular. The *Medicine for a Curst Wife* seems also to have been successful, for Dekker received £8 for it in advance, and after it had been acted we find the following entry: —

Pd unto Thomas Deckers, the 27 of septmbr 1602, over and above his price of his boocke called a medysen for a curste wiffe, some of } x'

1602. This *Medicine for a Curst Wife* was probably some new version of the *Taming of a Shrew*, which preceded Shakespeare's comedy. — COLLIER, Henslowe's *Diary*.

The Spanish Tragedy; or Hieronimo is mad again; containing the lamentable End of Don Horatio and Belimperia. With the pitifull Death of Hieronimo. London, 1602.

This play was by Thomas Kyd, and different portions of it were often ridiculed by contemporary authors. Kyd's line

Go by, Jeronimo,

is quoted in Shakespeare's induction (l. 10).

Pd at the apoyntment of the company, the 12 of february 1602, unto Thomas Heywood, in pt of payment for his play called A womon kyled with Kyndnes, the some of	} iij ^m
---	--------------------

Pd at the apoyntment of Thomas Blackewod, the 7 of marche 1602, unto the tayller which made the blacke satten sewt for the woman Kyld with Kyndnes, the some of	} x ^s
---	------------------

These are important entries, as they conclusively prove that Heywood's play was acted in 1602, although not printed until 1607. Shakespeare quotes from *The Woman Killed with Kindness* (l. 1839).

1603. In this year was printed Dekker's play: *The pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissell*. As it hath beene sundrie Times lately plaid by the Right Honourable the Earle of Notingham (Lord High Admiral) his Servants.

This is the rival piece alluded to under date 1599.

1603. The construction of the play shows that it was not composed by Shakespeare in conjunction with another author, but that his additions are replacements of the original author's work ; alterations made hurriedly for some occasion when it was not thought worth while to write an entirely new play. Such an occasion was the plague year of 1603, when the theatres were closed and the companies had to travel. We shall see, hereafter, that Shakespeare's other similar alterations of other men's work were made in like circumstances. This date is confirmed by the allusions to other taming plays, of which there were several ; the present play, in its altered shape, being probably the latest. L. 1174 refers to *Patient Grissel*, by Dekker, Chettle, and Houghton, December, 1599 ; " curst," ll. 1056, 1171, 1184, 2744,

to Dekker's *Medicine for a Curst Wife*, July, 1602; and 1.1839 to Heywood's *Woman Killed with Kindness*, March, 1603. There is nothing but the supposed inferiority of work to imply an earlier date: and this, on examination, will be seen to be merely a subjective inference, arising from the reflex action of the less worthy portion with which Shakespeare's is associated. Rudesby (l. 1395) is from *Sir Giles Goosecap* (1601), and Baptista as a man's name could hardly have come under Shakespeare's notice when, in his *Hamlet* he made it a woman's. The earlier play, thus altered, probably dates 1596, when an edition of *The Taming of a Shrew* was reprinted. This last-named play was written for Pembroke's company in 1588-9. Another limit of date is given by the name *Sincklo* in the induction. Sinklo was an actor with the Chamberlain's men from 1597 to 1604. *Nicke* in iv. 1 is Nicholas Tooley. The play is not mentioned by Meres in 1598. In the induction, "The Slys are no rogues: we came in with Richard Conqueror," is, I think, an allusion to the stage history of the time. Sly and Richard the Third (Burbadge) came into Lord Strange's company together in 1591. In the Pembroke play, Don Christophero Sly was probably acted by Christopher Beeston. The induction, partly revised by Shakespeare, seems to have been clumsily fitted by the players (as, indeed, the whole play is, especially in the non-appearance of "my cousin Ferdinand," l. 1777, whose place seems to be taken by Hortensio): surely Sly ought to have been replaced, as in the 1588 play; and is it possible that Shakespeare even in a farce should have made Sly talk blank verse (ll. 219-270)? *The Taming of a Shrew* as acted in June, 1594, at Newington Butts, was the old play which had belonged to Pembroke's men, probably by Kyd; but the first version of the play, afterwards

1604. In this year was written *Women Pleased*, a tragi-comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher. In this play there is a character called Sincklo, *who is a farmer's eldest son*, and in the Folio of 1623 the "Player" who speaks l. 97 is termed "Sincklo." This Sincklo was an actor in Shakespeare's company who played in *The Seven Deadly Sins* and *Henry IV.*, and he appears in *The Malcontent* (1604).

altered by Shakespeare, was written, I think, by Lodge (? aided by Drayton in the induction). This induction was, I think, greatly altered by Shakespeare in 1603. — FLEAY, *Chronicle History*.

1604. Shakespeare macht hier dem Schauspieler und dem Fletcher ein Compliment. In der Folio wird der redende Schauspieler auch mit seinem Namen, Sincklo, genannt; dieser war ein Mitglied der Gesellschaft, zu welcher Shakespeare gehörte. In Fletcher's Lustspiel: *Women Pleas'd*, erscheint eine lustige Person, Soto, der Sohn eines Pächters. Eigentlich bewirbt sich dieser Soto um kein Frauenzimmer im Stück, und einige Ausleger haben deshalb zweifeln wollen, ob die Comödie Fletcher's gemeint sei. Da aber der Name als Sohn des Pachters zutrifft, so ist wohl anzunehmen, dasz der Lord im Citiren nicht so genau ist; er kann die Scene meinen, in welcher Soto in den Kleidern seines Herrn, um dessen Melancholie zu heilen, auf einer Leiter zum Fenster der Dame hinauf klettert. In einer spätern Scene tritt Soto als Mai-Graf, als Anführer der Mai-Spiele und Morisken-Tänzer auf. Hier ist viel Gelegenheit, während andre sprechen, zum stummen Spiel mit den Mädchen und Tänzerinnen, und diese verliebten Bewerbungen sind vielleicht gemeint. Dann ist *Women Pleas'd* eins von Fletcher's und Beaumont's Stücken und vor 1607 geschrieben. Diese Anspielung auf Fletcher widerlegt allein ohne weiteres Malone's Behauptung, dasz *The Taming of the Shrew* 1594 geschrieben sei, denn das früheste Stück Fletcher's ist wohl nicht vor 1604 zu setzen. — TIECK.

So weit Tieck, der damit Keineswegs etwas Neues gesagt hat; vielmehr hat schon lange vor ihm Theobald auf diesen Punkt hingewiesen, und Tyrwhitt ihm entgegnet, dasz sich Fletcher's Soto Keineswegs um ein Fräulein bewerbe. Die Richtigkeit der

1606-'07. 22 Januarij.

Master Linge. Entred for his copies by direcon of A Court
and with consent of Master Burby vnder his handwrytinge
These. iij copies.

viz.

ROMEO and JULIETT.

Loues Labour Loste.

The taminge of a Shrewe

xviiij^a

1607. 19. Novembris.

John Smythick. Entred for his copies vnder th[e h]andes
of the wardens. these bookes followinge Whiche dyd belonge
to Nicholas Lynge.

.viz.

6. A booke called *HAMLETT*

vj^a

9. *The taminge of A Shrewe*

vj^a

10. *ROMEO and JULETT*

vj^a

11. *Loues Labour Lost*

vj^a

Anspielung mag jedoch immerhin zugegeben werden, ohne dasz dadurch ein Beweis für die Abfassungszeit des Stückes geliefert würde. Die Stelle kann eben ein späteres Einschiebsel sein. Den dasz Shakespeare's Dramen öfterer Uebearbeitung oder doch Durchsicht unterzogen worden sind und an verschiedenen Stellen die Spuren davon in Gestalt späterer Zusätze aufweisen, wird sich nicht in Abrede stellen lassen. Solche Uebearbeitungen wurden schwerlich bloz zum Zwecke Künstlerischer Vollendung vorgenommen, sondern vielleicht mehr noch, um den Zuschauern von Zeit zu Zeit mit einigen neuen Späzen und Anspielungen aufzuwarten; sie werden mit andern Worten eben so wohl dem Theaterdirektor Shakespeare als dem Dichter Shakespeare verdankt. Auch ist die Möglichkeit nicht ausgeschlossen, dasz manches Derartige durch Improvisation der Schauspieler oder beim Rollenabschreiben hineingekommen ist, was dann die Herausgeber der Folio nach Verlauf so vieler Jahre nicht immer zu erkennen und wieder auszumärzen im Stande sein mochten. — ELZE.

1606. The old *Taming of a Shrew*, . . . was republished in 1607, . . . and its publication then gives weight to the supposition that Shakespeare's play was written and first acted in the latter end of the year 1606. — MALONE.

[This is Malone's first conjecture.]

1607. I suppose, then, the present Play not *originally* the work of *Shakespeare*, but restored by him to the Stage, with the whole *Induction of the Tinker*, and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of *Petruchio*. It is very obvious that the *Induction* and the *Play* were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time:

The third and last Quarto of the older play was published in this year. It was never again issued during the poet's lifetime, and it is evident that Shakespeare re-wrote it for Mr. John Smethwick, under the title of *The Taming of the Shrew*, some time between November 19th, 1607, and 1609.

1609. In this year was published Rowland's *Whole Crew of Kind Gossips*, in which occur the following lines:—

The chiefest Art I have I will bestow
About a worke cald taming of the Shrow.

1612. *Pasquil's Night Cap* was published in this year. It contains the following lines:—

An empty vessel gives a mighty sound,
When least or nothing can therein be found.
Many can tell the way to tame a shrow,
But they which have the woman doe not know.

1619. About this date was written Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Woman's Prize, or, The Tamer Tamed*, a sequel to *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife.

the former is in our Author's *best* manner, and the greater part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be *certainly* spurious : and without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by *Shakespeare*, it must have been one of his *earliest* productions ; yet it is not mentioned in the List of his Works by *Meres* in 1598. . . . *The Taming of a Shrew* . . . seems to have been republished by the Remains of the Pembroke Company in 1607, when *Shakespeare's* copy appeared at the *Black Friars* or the *Globe*. — FARMER.

1619. It [*i. e.* *The Shrew*] was ridiculed by Fletcher in his *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*; which will not agree with Mr. Fleay's theory as to Shakespeare's coöperation in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and Fletcher's remodelling of *Henry VIII.* — WARD.

Several works were employed by Shakespeare in the construction of his play. The taming of an unmanageable woman belongs "to the favorite subjects of a joyous and laughter-loving age," and has been treated by several writers before our poet's time. Thus the old interlude, *Tom Tylere and his Wyfe*,¹ rehearses the woes of a husband ruled by his better half, and this play was acted by children as early as 1569. The old ballad entitled *A merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe lapped in Morelles skin for her good behauiour* was, perhaps, also not unknown to Shakespeare. This is a tale of a man who beats his shrewish wife until she bleeds, and then wraps her in the salted hide of his old horse Morel. The author of it is unknown; at the end we read,

Finis, quoth mayster charme her,

but that is undoubtedly an assumed name. The colophon says,

Imprinted at London in Fleetestreate, beneath the Conduite, at the signe of S. Iohn Euangelist, by Hugh Jackson.

Hugh Jackson printed books about 1550 or 1560, and to this date we must assign the poem. Its popularity was great, and in Laneham's celebrated *Letter from Kenilworth* (1576) this ballad is mentioned as one of those which Captain Cox had "at hiz fingers endz." It was reprinted by Utterson in 1817, by the Shakespeare Society in 1844, and lastly by Hazlitt, in his *Early Popular Poetry* (iv. 179).

The love intrigue of Lucentio, the changes of master and servant, the expected father, the pedant, and the names Petruchio² and Licio are all derived from

¹ Printed in 1598, and again in 1661. The title-page of the latter edition states that it is said to have been "printed and acted about a hundred years ago."

² Gascoigne spells it Petrucio, but Shakespeare probably altered it to teach the actors how to pronounce it. Only the name occurs in *The Supposes*; the character of Kate falls out entirely.

The Supposes, a play by George Gascoigne, produced at Gray's Inn in 1566, and translated from *Gli Suppositi* of Ariosto. Tyrwhitt suggests that Gascoigne's play is alluded to in the line (2495) —

While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.

The Latin lesson may have been borrowed from *The three Lords and three Ladies of London* (1590), in which we find :—

O, singulariter nominativo, wise Lord pleasure
genitivo, bind him to the post
dativo, give me my torch
accusativo, for I say he's a cosener
vocativo, O, give me room to run at him
ablativo, take and blind me

Lastly, the passage (l. 2332)

Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet, *etc.*

is perhaps taken from the fourth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (ed. 1586, p. 56), which had been translated into English, by Arthur Golding, as early as 1565.

The Taming of the Shrew has been declared spurious by some commentators. Warburton was probably the first to advance this opinion, and he was followed by Farmer, whom we have already quoted. The same opinion has been revived within the last ten or twelve years by the New Shakspeare Society of London. This body bases its decision upon metrical tests, contemporary statistics, and similar evidence ; it criticises on the arithmetical plan, and arrives at the following results :—

Total number of lines	2671.
Double endings	260. <i>Henry V.</i> (1599) has 291. <i>Timon of Athens</i> (1607–8) has 257.
Alternates	o. There are none in three other comedies.

Sonnets	o. There are none in nine other comedies.
Doggerel	49. <i>Comedy of Errors</i> (1589-91) has 109. <i>Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> (1590-2) has 18.
1 Measure	4. The same as in <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> (1588-9) and <i>Titus Andronicus</i> (1588-90).
2 Measures	18. <i>I. Henry IV.</i> (1596-7) has 17. <i>Richard II.</i> (1593-4) has 17. <i>Henry VIII.</i> (1613) has 29.
3 "	22. The same as in <i>The Merchant of Venice</i> (1596).
4 "	23. The same as in <i>Richard III.</i> (1594).
6 "	5. The same as in <i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> (1590-2), <i>As You Like It</i> (1600), and <i>The Two Noble Kinsmen</i> (1612).

The years and figures assigned above are from *The Leopold Shakespeare*, and the conclusion we arrive at is subjoined. The date of *The Taming of the Shrew* must be, according to

Double endings between 1599 and 1607-8.			
Doggerel	"	1589-91	" 1590-2.
1 Measure	"	1588	" 1590.
2 Measures	"	1593-4	" 1613.
3 "			1596.
4 "			1594.
6 "	"	1590	and 1612.

The reader must at once recognize the utility of this species of criticism, for it informs him distinctly that *The Taming of the Shrew* was written some time between 1588 and 1613. The writer of the introduction to *The Leopold Shakespeare* has selected out of all these years 1596-7 as the date of its com-

position, but of course the reader is at liberty to choose any year that may suit his fancy, provided his mind be not influenced by external contemporary evidence, as that seems to be considered worthless by the New Shakspeare Society.

Should the reader wish to pursue the enquiry still further, he can apply "the weak-ending test, the light-ending test, the double-ending test, the triple-ending test, the heavy-monosyllabic-eleventh-syllable-of-the-double-ending test, the run-on-line test, and the central-pause test." By the time he has finished he will probably discover that the induction is by Chettle, the first act chiefly by Dekker, assisted by Shakespeare, the second by Fletcher (two lines and eleven sixteenths are by Shakespeare), the third by Dekker, Chettle, Fletcher, and Rowley (touched by Shakespeare), and the fourth and fifth the sole work of Dekker. We would be most happy to explain all this in these pages, but our space and time are too valuable.

This much, however, we will say : —

1. If the author of *The Taming of a Shrew* was not William Shakespeare, he must have been a man acquainted with Stratford-on-Avon, with Wilmecote, with the Sly family, and with the tinker himself. Is it probable that two authors should exist having a cognizance of all these facts ?

2. If the author of the older comedy was not Shakespeare, the latter must have pirated an enormous quantity of lines and scenes from some other man, a fact which would not have escaped the notice of those who were ever ready to ridicule and censure him. But there is nothing on record to prove that he was ever criticised unfavorably for his production.

3. Burby in 1606-7 sold three plays to Ling, all of which were then recognized as Shakespeare's, and one of them was the older comedy. Burby's trans-

actions were honorable, and he would scarcely have foisted a counterfeit production upon his buyer.

4. If the play as it now stands was not written before 1609 and after November 19th, 1607, all the contemporary evidence of Greene, Dekker, Henslowe, Kyd, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Rowlands must be considered as worthless; we must assign an earlier date to *Hamlet* than the one now usually received; and we must ignore the remarkable circumstance that Smethwick bought the old play in 1607, and lent the proprietors of the first Folio an improved version of it in 1622 or 1623.

ALBERT R. FREY.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK, 1888.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. ____: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

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		APPLETON MORGAN.



A
Pleasant Conceited
Hiftorie, called The taming
of a Shrew.

As it was fundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earle of
Pembrook his feruants.



Printed at London by Peter Short and
are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his
shop at the Royall Exchange.
1594.



THE TAMING
OF THE
SHREW.





A Pleafant conceited Historie, called *The Taming of a Shrew.*

- 1 1 Enter a Tapfter, beating out of his doores
 2 *Slie Droonken.*
 3 Tapfter.
 4 **Y**OU whorfon droonken flaue, you had beft be gone,
 5 And empty your droonken panch fome where else
 6 For in this houfe thou fhalt not reft to night.
 7 *Exit Tapfter.*
 8 8 *Slie.* Tilly vally, by crifee Tapfter Ile fefe you anon.

- 9 Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
 10 I doo drinke it of mine owne Inftigation, *Omne bene*
 11 Heere Ile lie a while, why Tapfter I fay,
 12 Fils a frefh cufhen heere.
 13 Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.
 16 14 He fals afleepe.




THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly. 1

Begger. 2

 Le phreeze you infaith. 3

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue. 4

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no 5

Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came 6

in with *Richard Conqueror* : therefore *Pau-* 7

cas pallabris, let the world flide : Seffa. 8

Host. You will not pay for the glassses you haue burst ? 9

Beg. No, not a deniere : go by *S. Ieronimie*, goe to thy 10
cold bed, and warme thee. 11

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head- 12
borough. 13

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere 14
him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy : Let him come, 15

and kindly.

Falles asleepe. 16

17 15 Enter a Noble man and his men
16 from hunting.
17 *Lord.* Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
18 Longing to view Orions drifling looks,
19 Leapes from th'antarticke World vnto the skie
20 And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
21 And darkefome night oreshades the chriftall heauens,
22 Here breake we off our hunting for to night,
18 23 Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,

30 24 And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
25 For they haue all deferu'd it well to daie,

33 26 But soft, what fleepie fellow is this lies heere?
27 Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke? (fleepe,
28 *Seruingman.* My lord, tis nothing but a drunken

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine. 17

Lo. Huntfman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, 18
Brach Meriman, the poore Curre is imboft, 19
 And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach, 20
 Saw'ft thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good 21
 At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault, 22
 I would not loofe the dogge for twentie pound. 23

Huntf. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord, 24
 He cried vpon it at the meereft loffe, 25
 And twice to day pick'd out the dulleft fent, 26
 Trust me, I take him for the better dogge. 27

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete, 28
 I would esteeme him worth a dozen fuch : 29
 But fup them well, and looke vnto them all, 30

To morrow I intend to hunt againe. 31

Huntf. I will my Lord. 32

Lord. What's heere ? One dead, or drunke ? See doth 33

he breath ? 34

2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd 35
 with Ale, this were a bed but cold to fleep fo foundly. 36

Lord. Oh monftrous beaft, how like a fwine he lyes. 37
 Grim death, how foule and loathfome is thine image : 38
 Sirs, I will praiftife on this drunken man. 39
 What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed, 40
 Wrap'd in fweet cloathes : Rings put vpon his fingers : 41
 A moft delicious banquet by his bed, 42

29 His head is too heauie for his bodie,
30 And he hath drunke so much that he can go no further.
31 *Lord.* Fie, how the flauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
32 Ho, sirha arise. What so found asleepe?
48 33 Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
34 And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
49 35 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,

42 36 And fet a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
41 37 And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
38 Then fet him at the Table in a chaire :
48 39 When that is doone against he shall awake,
53 40 Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,

41 Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
42 And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,
43 But see in any case you wake him not.
44 *Exeunt two with Slie.*
45 Now take my cloake and giue me one of yours,
46 Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
47 For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
48 To see his countnance when he dooth awake

And braue attendants neere him when he wakes, 43
Would not the begger then forget himfelfe ? 44

1. *Hun.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choofe. 45

2. *H.* It would feem ftrange vnto him when he wak'd 46

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie. 47

Then take him vp, and manage well the ieft : 48

Carrie him gently to my faireft Chamber, 49

And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures : 50

Balme his foule head in warme diftilled waters, 51

And burne fweet Wood to make the Lodging fweete : 52

Procure me Muficke readie when he vvakes, 53

To make a dulcet and a heauenly found : 54

And if he chance to fpeake, be readie ftraight 55

(And with a lowe fubmiffiue reuerence) 56

Say, what is it your Honor vvil command : 57

Let one attend him vvith a filuer Bafon 58

Full of Roſe-water, and beftrew'd with Flowers, 59

Another beare the Ewer : the third a Diaper, 60

And fay wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip coole your hands. 61

49 And finde himfelfe clothed in fuch attire,
50 With heauenlie muficke founding in his eares,
51 And fuch a banquet fet before his eies,
52 The fellow fure will thinke he is in heauen,
53 But we will be about him when he wakes,
54 And fee you call him Lord, at euerie word,
55 And offer thou him his horfe to ride abroad,
64 56 And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,

68 57 And I will aske what futes he meanes to weare,
58 And what fo ere he faith fee you doo not laugh,

68 59 But fill perfwade him that he is a Lord.

81 60

Enter one.

83 61 *Meſ.* And it pleaſe your honour your plaiers be com
84 62 And doo attend your honours pleaſure here.
63 *Lord.* The fitteſt time they could haue choſen out,
64 Bid one or two of them come hither ſtraight,
65 Now will I fit my ſelfe accordinglie,
66 For they ſhall play to him when he awakes.

Some one be readie with a coftly fuite, 62
And aske him what apparrel he will weare : 63

Another tell him of his Hounds and Horfe, 64
And that his Ladie mournes at his difeafe, 65
Perfwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, 66
And when he fayes he is, fay that he dreames, 67
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord : 68
This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs, 69
It wil be pafstime paffing excellent, 70
If it be husbanded with modeftie. 71

1. *Huntf.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part 72
As he fhall thinke by our true diligence 73
He is no leffe then what we fay he is. 74

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, 75
And each one to his office when he wakes. 76

Sound trumpets. 77

Sirrah, go fee what Trumpet 'tis that founds, 78
Belike fome Noble Gentleman that meanes 79
(Trauelling fome iourney) to repofe him heere. 80

Enter Seruingman. 81

How now? who is it? 82

Ser. An't pleafe your Honor, Players 83
That offer feruice to your Lordship. 84

85 67 Enter two of the players with packs at their
68 backs, and a boy.

69 Now firs, what store of plaies haue you ?

70 *San.* Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall

71 Or a comoditie, or what you will.

72 *The other.* A Comedie thou shouldst say, founs
73 thout shame vs all.

74 *Lord.* And whats the name of your Comedie ?

75 *San.* Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew :
76 Tis a good leffon for vs my lord, for vs y^e are married men

77 *Lord.* The taming of a shrew, thats excellent fure,
78 Go see that you make you readie straight,

102 79 For you must play before a lord to night,

80 Say you are his men and I your fellow,

81 Hees something foolish, but what so ere he faies,

82 See that you be not dasht out of countenance.

Enter Players.

85

Lord. Bid them come neere :

86

Now fellowes, you are welcome.

87

Players. We thanke your Honor.

88

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night ?

89

2. Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our
dutie.

91

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

92

Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,

93

'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well :

94

I haue forgot your name : but sure that part

95

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

96

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.

97

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent :

98

Well you are come to me in happie time,

99

The rather for I haue some sport in hand,

100

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

101

There is a Lord will heare you play to night ;

102

But I am doubtfull of your modesties,

103

Leaft (ouer-eyng of his odde behauour,

104

For yet his honor neuer heard a play)

105

You breake into some merrie passion,

106

115 83 And firha go you make you ready straight,
116 84 And dresse your felfe like some louelie ladie,

85 And when I call fee that you come to me,
126 86 For I will fay to him thou art his wife,
128 87 Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,

And so offend him : for I tell you sirs, 107
 If you should smile, he growes impatient. 108

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues, 109
 Were he the veriest anticke in the world. 110

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie, 111
 And giue them friendly welcome euerie one, 112
 Let them want nothing that my house affords. 113

Exit one with the Players. 114

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page, 115
 And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie : 116
 That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber, 117
 And call him Madam, do him obeisance : 118
 Tell him from me (as he will win my loue) 119
 He beare himselfe with honourable action, 120
 Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies 121
 Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished, 122
 Such dutie to the drunkard let him do : 123
 With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie, 124
 And say : What is't your Honor will command, 125

Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife, 126
 May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue. 127
 And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses, 128
 And with declining head into his bosome 129
 Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed 130
 To see her noble Lord restor'd to health, 131
 Who for this feuen yeares hath esteemed him 132
 No better then a poore and loathsome begger : 133
 And if the boy haue not a womans giift 134
 To raine a shower of commanded teares, 135
 An Onion wil do well for such a shift, 136
 Which in a Napkin (being clofe conuei'd) 137
 Shall in despite enforce a waterie eie : 138
 See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst, 139
 Anon Ile giue thee more instructions. 140

Exit a seruingman. 141

88 And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
 89 Then faine some scufe and say thou wilt anon. .
 90 Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.
 91 *Boy.* Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
 92 And make him thinke I loue him mightilie. *Ex.* boy.
 93 *Lord.* Now firs go you and make you ready to,
 94 For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.
 95 *San.* O braue, firha Tom, we must play before
 96 A foolish Lord, come lets go make vs ready,
 97 Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
 98 And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
 99 Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
 100 And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.
 101 *Lord.* Very well: firha see that they want nothing.
 102 *Exeunt omnes.*

150 103 Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two
 150 104 other, with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie
 151 105 apparelled, & the musick plaieing.
 106 *One.* So: firha now go call my Lord,
 107 And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.
 108 *Another.* Set thou some wine vpon the boord
 109 And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie. *Exit*
 151 110 Enter the Lord and his men.

111 *Lord.* How now, what is all thinges readie?
 112 *One.* I my Lord. (straight,
 113 *Lord.* Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,	142
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman :	143
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,	144
And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,	145
When they do homage to this simple peafant,	146
Ile in to counsell them : haply my presence	147
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,	148
Which otherwife would grow into extreames.	149

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, 150

Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord. 151

- 114 And fee you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
115 My lord, My lord, he sleepes foundlie : My lord.
152 116 *Slie.* Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho,
153 117 *Lord.* Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.

- 118 *Slie.* For which Lord ?
119 *Lord.* For your honour my Lord.

- Beg.* For Gods sake a pot of small Ale. 152
 1. *Ser.* Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke? 153
 2. *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Con- 154
 ferues? 155
 3. *Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day. 156
Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor 157
 Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue 158
 me any Conferues, giue me conferues of Beefe: nere ask 159
 me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub- 160

lets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor 161
 no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then 162
 shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o- 163
 uer-leather. 164

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor. 165
 Oh that a mightie man of such discent, 166
 Of such possessions, and so high esteeme 167
 Should be infused with so foule a spirit. 168

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chri-* 169
stopher Sly, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a 170
 Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a 171
 Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. 172
 Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee 173
 know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for 174
 sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen 175
 dome. What I am not bestraught: here's—— 176

3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne. 177

2 *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop. 178

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your 179
 As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie. (house 180
 Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth, 181
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, 182
 And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames: 183

- 120 *Slie.* Who I, am I a Lord? Iesus what fine apparell
121 haue *I* got.
122 *Lord.* More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
123 *And* if it please you I will fetch them straight.
192 124 *Wil.* *And* if your honour please to ride abroad,
- 125 Ile fetch you lustie feedes more swift of pace
126 Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
127 That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Perfian* plaines.
195 128 *Tom.* *And* if your honour please to hunt the deere,
196 129 Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore,
130 Who in running will oreake the Row,
131 *And* make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee, 184
 Each in his office readie at thy becke. 185
 Wilt thou haue Muficke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Mufick* 186
 And twentie caged Nightingales do sing. 187
 Or wilt thou sleepe? We'l haue thee to a Couch, 188
 Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed 189
 On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis. 190
 Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground. 191

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd, 192
 Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle. 193
 Dost thou loue hawking? Thou haft hawkes will foare 194

About the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt, 195
 Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them 196

And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth. 197

1 *Man*. Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as 198
 As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe. (swift 199

2 *M*. Dost thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee strait 200

Adonis painted by a running brooke, 201

And Citherea all in sedges hid, 202

Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath, 203

• Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde. 204

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid, 205

And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd, 206

As liuelie painted, as the deede was done. 207

3. *Man*. Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood, 208

Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds, 209

And at that sight shal fad Apollo weepe, 210

So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne. 211

228 132 *Slie.* By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord : 212
 Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull, 213
 Then any woman in this waining age. 214

1 *Man.* And til the teares that she hath shed for thee, 215
 Like enuious fouds ore-run her louely face, 216
 She was the fairest creature in the world, 217
 And yet shee is inferiour to none. 218

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie ? 219
 Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now ? 220
 I do not sleepe : I see, I heare, I speake : 221
 I smel sweet fauours, and I feelee soft things : 222
 Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede, 223
 And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie. 224
 Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight, 225
 And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale. 226

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your 227
 hands : 228
 Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd, 229
 Oh that once more you knew but what you are : 230
 These fiftene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame, 231
 Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept. 232

Beg. These fiftene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap, 233
 But did I neuer speake of all that time. 234

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words, 235
 For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber, 236
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore, 237
 And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house, 238
 And say you would present her at the Leete, 239
 Because she brought stone-Iugs, and no seal'd quarts : 240
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket. 241

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house. 242

3. *man.* Why fir you know no house, nor no such maid 243
 Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp, 244
 As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece, 245
 And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*, 246
 And twentie more such names and men as these, 247
 Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw. 248

- 133 Whats thy name?
134 *Lord. Simon* and it please your honour.
135 *Slie. Simon*, thats as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*
136 Put foorth thy hand and fill the pot.
137 Giue me thy hand, *Sim.* am I a lord indeed?
138 *Lord.* I my gracious Lord, and your louelie ladie
139 Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
140 And now with ioy behold where she dooth come
141 To gratulate your honours safe returne.
251 142 Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends. 249
All. Amen. 250

Enter Lady with Attendants. 251

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loofe by it. 252

Lady. How fares my noble Lord? 253

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough. 254
 Where is my wife? 255

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her? 256

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband? 257
 My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man. 258

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband 259
 I am your wife in all obedience. 260

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her? 261

Lord. Madam. 262

Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam? 263

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, fo Lords cal Ladies 264

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd, 265
 And slept aboue some fiteene yeare or more. 266

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me, 267
 Being all this time abandon'd from your bed. 268

Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone: 269
 Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed. 270

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you 271
 To pardon me yet for a night or two: 272

Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set. 273

For your Physitians haue expreffely charg'd, 274
 In perill to incurre your former malady, 275

- 143 *Slie. Sim.* Is this she ?
144 *Lord.* I my Lord.
145 *Slie.* Maffe tis a prettie wench, whats her name ?
146 *Boy.* Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
147 To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
148 Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
149 To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
150 I know your honour then would pittie me.
151 *Slie.* Harke you mistresse, wil you eat a peece of
152 bread,
206 153 Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
154 For she and I will go to bed anon.
282 155 *Lord.* May it please you, your honors plaiers be come
283 156 To offer your honour a plaie.

157 *Slie.* A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers ?

That I should yet absent me from your bed : 276

I hope this reason stands for my excuse. 277

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long : 278

But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe : I 279

wil therefore tarrie in delpight of the flesh & the blood 280

Enter a Messenger. 281

Me. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment, 282

Are come to play a pleafant Comedie, 283

For so your doctors hold it very mcete, 284

Seeing too much fadnesse hath congeal'd your blood, 285

And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie, 286

Therefore they thought it good you heare a play, 287

And frame your minde to mirth and merriment, 288

Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life. 289

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon- 290
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke ? 291

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stufte. 292

Beg. What, household stufte. 293

Lady. It is a a kinde of hiftory. 294

Beg. Well, we'l fee't : 295

Come Madam wife fit by my fide, 296

And let the world flip, we shall nere be yonger. 297

158 *Lord.* I my Lord.

159 *Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?

160 *Lord.* Yes my lord.

161 *Slie.* When wil they plaie *Sim*?

162 *Lord.* Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

163 *Boy.* My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

164 *Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come againe.

165 *Boy.* I warrant you my lord, I wil not leaue you thus.

166 *Exit* boy.

167 *Slie.* Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by

168 Me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

169 *Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?

170 Sound Trumpets.

298 171 Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man
172 and a boie.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano. 298

<i>Luc. Tranio</i> , since for the great desire I had	299
To see faire <i>Padua</i> , nurserie of Arts,	300
I am arriu'd for fruitfull <i>Lumbardie</i> ,	301
The pleasant garden of great <i>Italy</i> ,	302
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd	303
With his good will, and thy good companie.	304
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,	305
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute	306
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.	307
<i>Pisa</i> renowned for graue Citizens	308
Gaue me my being, and my father first	309
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world :	310
<i>Vincentio's</i> come of the <i>Bentiulij</i> ,	311
<i>Vincentio's</i> sonne, brough vp in <i>Florence</i> ,	312
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd	313
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes :	314
And therefore <i>Tranio</i> , for the time I studie,	315
Vertue and that part of Philosophie	316
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,	317
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.	318

173 *Pol.* Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
174 To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walkes,
175 Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue
176 Of good *Leander* and his *Tragedie*,
177 For whom the *Helespont* weepes brinish teares,
178 The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
179 Giue entertainment to my deereft friend.
180 *Aurel.* Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
181 The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
182 Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
183 The Duke of *Cestus* thrife renowned feate,

Tell me thy minde, for I haue <i>Pisa</i> left,	319
And am to <i>Padua</i> come, as he that leaues	320
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,	321
And with facietie seekes to quench his thirst.	322
<i>Tra. Me Pardonato</i> , gentle master mine :	323
I am in all affected as your selfe,	324
Glad that you thus continue your resolute,	325
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.	326
Onely (good master) while we do admire	327
This vertue, and this morall discipline,	328
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,	329
Or so deuote to <i>Aristotles</i> checkes	330
As <i>Ouid</i> ; be an out-cast quite abiur'd :	331
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaunce that you haue,	332
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,	333
Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,	334
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes	335
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you :	336
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane :	337
In briebe sir, studie what you most affect.	338
<i>Luc. Gramercies Tranio</i> , well dost thou aduise,	339
If <i>Biondello</i> thou wert come ashore,	340
We could at once put vs in readinesse,	341
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine	342
Such friends (as time) in <i>Padua</i> shall beget.	343

184 To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,
 185 Which since I haue so happilie attained,
 186 My fortune now I doo account as great
 187 As earst did *Casar* when he conquered most,
 188 But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
 189 For I am vnacquainted in this place.
 190 *Poli.* My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
 191 My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
 192 You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.
 193 *Aurel.* With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.
 846 194 Enter *Simon, Alphonsus*, and his
 847 195 three daughters.
 844 196 But staie ; what dames are these so bright of hew

197 Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
 198 Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
 199 More louelie farre then is the morning funne,
 200 When first she opes hir orientall gates.
 201 *Alfon.* Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e church,
 202 And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
 203 To see what Marchandise is come ashore.
 204 *Ex. Omnes.*
 205 *Pol.* Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
 206 To see these damfels passe away so soone ?
 207 *Aurel.* Trust me my friend I must confesse to thee,
 208 I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
 209 As I doo with they had not gone so soone,
 210 But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
 211 And what old man it was that went with them,

But stay a while, what companie is this?	344
<i>Tra.</i> Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.	345
<i>Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca,</i>	346
<i>Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio sister to Bianca.</i>	347
<i>Lucen. Tranio, stand by.</i>	348
<i>Bap.</i> Gentlemen, importune me no farther,	349
For how I firmly am resolu d you know :	350

- 212 For I doo long to see them once againe.
213 *Pol.* I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
214 For they are both lovely, wise, faire and yong,
215 And one of them the yoongest of the three
216 I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
217 But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
218 How we might compasse our desired ioyes.
219 *Aurel.* Why, is not her father willing to the match?
220 *Pol.* Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,
351 221 His eldest daughter first shall be espow'de,
352 222 Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,

That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,	351
Before I haue a husband for the elder :	352
If either of you both loue <i>Katherina</i> ,	353
Because I know you well, and loue you well,	354
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.	355
<i>Gre.</i> To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,	356
There, there <i>Hortensio</i> , will you any Wife?	357
<i>Kate.</i> I pray you sir, is it your will	358
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?	359
<i>Hor.</i> Mates maid, how meane you that?	360
No mates for you,	361
Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.	362
<i>Kate.</i> I'faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,	363
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart :	364
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,	365
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,	366
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.	367
<i>Hor.</i> From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.	368
<i>Gre.</i> And me too, good Lord.	369
<i>Tra.</i> Husht master, heres some good pastime toward ;	370
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.	371
<i>Lucen.</i> But in the others silence do I see,	372
Maids milde behaiour and fobrietie.	373
Peace <i>Tranio</i> .	374
<i>Tra.</i> Well said M ^r , mum, and gaze your fill.	375
<i>Bap.</i> Gentlemen, that I may soone make good	376
What I haue said, <i>Bianca</i> get you in,	377

And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*, 378
 For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle. 379

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye, 380
 and she knew why. 381

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent. 382
 Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe : 383
 My bookes and instruments shall be my companie, 384
 On them to looke, and practise by my selfe. 385

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak. 386

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange, 387
 Sorrie am I that our good will effects 388
Bianca's greefe. 389

Gre. Why will you mew her vp 390
 (Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell, 391
 And make her beare the pennance of her tongue. 392

Bap. Gentlemen content ye : I am resould : 393
 Go in *Bianca*. 394

And for I know she taketh most delight 395
 In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry, 396
 Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house, 397
 Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*, 398
 Or signior *Gremio* you know any such, 399
 Preferre them hither : for to cunning men, 400
 I will be very kinde and liberall, 401
 To mine owne children, in good bringing vp, 402
 And so farewell : *Katherina* you may stay, 403
 For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.* 404

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not ? 405
 What shall I be appointed houres, as though 406
 (Belike) I knew not what to take, 407
 And what to leaue ? Ha. *Exit.* 408

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam : your gifts are 409
 so good heere's none will holde you : Their loue is not 410
 so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together, 411
 and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. 412

223 And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
224 Must first prouide for her if he will speed,
225 And he that hath her shall be fettred so,
226 As good be wedded to the diuell himselfe,
227 For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
228 And till that she be sped none else can speed,
229 Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
230 And whofoere can get hir firme good will,
231 A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
232 For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
233 And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
234 And that was he that went along with them.
235 *Aurel.* But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
418 236 And yet I needs must loue his second daughter

Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if 413
I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that 414
wherein the delights, I will wish him to her father. 415

Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: 416
Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd 417
parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that 418
we may yet againe haue acceffe to our faire Mistris, and 419
be happie riualls in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect 420
one thing specially. 421

Gre. What's that I pray? 422

Hor. Marrie fir to get a husband for her Sifter. 423

Gre. A husband: a diuell. 424

Hor. I say a husband. 425

Gre. I say, a diuell: Think'ft thou *Hortensio*, though 426
her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be 427
married to hell? 428

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience & 429
mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee 430
good fellows in the world, and a man could light on 431
them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough. 432

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie 433
with this condition; To be whipt at the hie croffe euerie 434
morning. 435

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten 436
apples : but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, 437
it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by hel- 438
ping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his 439
yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t afresh : 440
Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole : hee that runnes 441
fastest, gets the Ring : How say you signior *Gremio* ? 442

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the 443
best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would tho- 444
roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the 445
house of her. Come on. 446

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio 447

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible 448
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold. 449

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true, 450
I neuer thought it possible or likely. 451

But see, while idely I stood looking on, 452
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse, 453

And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee 454
That art to me as secret and as deere 455

As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was : 456

Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*, 457

If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrl : 458

Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst : 459

Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt. 460

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now, 461

Affection is not rated from the heart : 462

If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so, 463

Redime te captam quam queas minimo. 464

Luc Gramercies Lad : Go forward, this contents, 465

The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels found. 466

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide, 467

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all. 468

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face, 469

Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had, 470

That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand, 471

When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond. 472

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sifter
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him frō his trance:
I pray awake fir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sifter is so curst and shrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he clofely meu'd her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with futers.

Luc. Ah *Tranio,* what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I fir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio.*

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguishing'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,

237 The image of honor and Nobilitie,
238 In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
239 Of natures skill and heauenlie maiestie.
240 *Pol.* I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,
241 Then if you like to follow on your loue,
242 We must deuise a meanes and find some one
243 That will attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
244 And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
245 Go your waies sirha to *Ferandoes* house,
246 Desire him take the paines to come to me,
247 For I must speake with him immediatlie.
248 *Boy.* I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.
249 *Pol.* A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
250 As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,
251 And he I thinke will match hir euerie waie,
252 And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
253 And for his person worth as good as she,
254 And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
255 Then may we freeleie visite both our loues.
256 *Aurel.* O might I see the center of my soule
257 Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me,
258 More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
259 For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
260 That came with thousand shippes to *Tenedos*,
261 But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
509 262 Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cestus*,

I will some other be, some <i>Florentine</i> ,	509
Some <i>Neapolitan</i> , or meaner man of <i>Pisa</i> .	510
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : <i>Tranio</i> at once	511
Vncase thee : take my Conlord hat and cloake,	512
When <i>Biondello</i> comes, he waites on thee,	513
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.	514
<i>Tra.</i> So had you neede :	515
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,	516
And I am tyed to be obedient,	517
For so your father charg'd me at our parting :	518
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)	519
Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,	520

I am content to bee *Lucentio*, 521

Because so well I loue *Lucentio*. 522

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loues, 523

And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide, 524

Whose sodaine fight hath thral'd my wounded eye. 525

Enter Biondello. 526

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin? 527

Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where 528

are you? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your 529

cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the 530

newes? 531

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest, 532

And therefore frame your manners to the time 533

Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life, 534

Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on, 535

And I for my escape haue put on his : 536

For in a quarrell since I came a shore, 537

I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried : 538

Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes : 539

While I make way from hence to saue my life : 540

You vnderstand me ? 541

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit. 542

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth, 543

Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*. 544

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too. 545

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wifh af- 546

ter, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daugh- 547

ter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I ad- 548

uise you vse your manners discretely in all kind of com- 549

panies : When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio* : but in 550

all places else, you maister *Lucentio*. 551

Luc. *Tranio* let's go : 552

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute, 553

To make one among these wooers : if thou ask me why, 554

Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty. 555

Exeunt. *The Presenters aboue speakes.* 556

263 That comes for traffike vnto *Athens* heere,
264 And heere firha I will change with you for once,
507 265 And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
266 Reuell and spend as if thou wert my felfe,
267 For I will court my loue in this disguise.
268 *Val.* My lord, how if the Duke your father should
269 By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see
270 How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
271 And find me clothed thus in your attire,
272 How would he take it then thinke you my lord ?
273 *Aurel.* Tush feare not *Valeria* let me alone,
274 But staie, heere comes some other companie.

564 275 Enter *Ferando* and his man *Saunders*
276 with a blew coat.

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the 557
play. 558

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely : 559
Comes there any more of it ? 560

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun. 561

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame 562
Ladie : would 'twere done. *They fit and marke.* 563

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio. 564

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue, 565
To see my friends in *Padua* ; but of all 566
My best beloued and approued friend 567
Hortensio : & I trow this is his house : 568
Heere firra *Grumio*, knocke I fay. 569

Gru. Knocke fir ? whom should I knocke ? Is there 570
any man ha's rebus'd your worship ? 571

Petr. Villaine I fay, knocke me heere soundly. 572

Gru. Knocke you heere fir ? Why fir, what am I fir, 573
that I should knocke you heere fir. 574

Petr. Villaine I fay, knocke me at this gate, 575
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate. 576

Gru. My M^r is growne quarrellfome : 577

- I should knocke you first, 578
 And then I know after who comes by the worst. 579
Petr. Will it not be? 580
 'Faith firrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it, 581
 Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it. 582
He rings him by the eares 583
Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad. 584
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you : firrah villaine. 585
Enter Hortensio. 586
Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend 587
Grumio, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all 588
 at *Verona*? 589
Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray? 590
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say. 591
Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signi-* 592
or mio Petruchio. 593
 Rife *Grumio* rife, we will compound this quarrell. 594
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. 595
 If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, 596
 looke you sir : He bid me knocke him, & rap him found- 597
 ly sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, 598
 being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe 599
 out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first, 600
 then had not *Grumio* come by the worst. 601
Petr. A fencelasse villaine : good *Hortensio*, 602
 I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate, 603
 And could not get him for my heart to do it. 604
Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heauens : spake you not 605
 these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere : rappe me 606
 heere : knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And 607
 come you now with knocking at the gate? 608
Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you. 609
Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge : 610
 Why this a heauie chance twixr him and you, 611
 Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio* : 612
 And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale 613
 Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*? 614

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen throgh y world, 615
 To seeke their fortunes farther then at home, 616
 Where small experience growes but in a few. 617
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me, 618
Antonio my father is deceast, 619
 And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze, 620
 Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may : 621
 Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home, 622
 And so am come abroad to see the world. 623

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee, 624
 And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife ? 625
 Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell : 626
 And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich, 627
 And verie rich : but th'art too much my friend, 628
 And Ile not wish thee to her. 629

Petr. *Signior Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee, 630
 Few words suffice : and therefore, if thou know 631
 One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife : 632
 (As wealth is burthen of my woing dance) 633
 Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue, 634
 As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd 635
 As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worfe : 636
 She moues me not, or not remoues at least 637
 Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough 638
 As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas. 639
 I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua* : 640
 If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*. 641

Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his 642
 minde is : why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him 643
 to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a 644
 tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as 645
 two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so 646
 monie comes withall. 647

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in, 648
 I will continue that I broach'd in iest, 649
 I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife 650

With wealth enough, and yong and beautilous, 651
 Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman. 652
 Her onely fault, and that is faults enough, 653
 Is, that she is intollerable curst, 654
 And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure, 655
 That were my state farre worser then it is, 656
 I would not wed her for a mine of Gold. 657

Petr. Hortensio peace : thou knowst not golds effect, 658
 Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough : 659
 For I will boord her, though she chide as loud 660
 As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke. 661

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*, 662
 An affable and courteous Gentleman, 663
 Her name is *Katherina Minola*, 664
 Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue. 665

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her, 666
 And he knew my deceased father well : 667
 I wil not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her, 668
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you, 669
 To giue you ouer at this first encounter, 670
 Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither. 671

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. 672
 A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would 673
 thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee 674
 may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so : Why 675
 that's nothing ; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope 676
 trickes. Ile tell you what fir, and she stand him but a li- 677
 tle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir 678
 with it, that shee shal haue no more eies to see withall 679
 then a Cat : you know him not fir. 680

Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio*, I must go with thee, 681
 For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is : 682
 He hath the Iewel of my life in hold, 683
 His yongest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*, 684
 And her with-holds from me. Other more 685
 Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue : 686

Supposing it a thing impossible, 687
 For those defects I haue before rehearft, 688
 That euer *Katherine* wil be woo'd : 689
 Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane, 690
 That none shal haue accesse vnto *Bianca*, 691
 Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband. 692
Gru. *Katherine* the curst, 693
 A title for a maide, of all titles the worst. 694
Hor. Now shal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace, 695
 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes, 696
 To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master 697
 Well seene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*, 698
 That so I may by this deuice at least 699
 Haue leaue and leifure to make loue to her, 700
 And vn suspected court her by her selfe. 701

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised. 702

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde- 703
 folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. 704
 Master, master, looke about you : Who goes there ? ha. 705

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riual of my Loue. 706
Petruchio stand by a while. 707

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous. 708

Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note : 709
 Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound, 710
 All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand, 711
 And see you reade no other Lectures to her : 712
 You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside 713
 Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie, 714
 Ile mend it with a Largeffe. Take your paper too, 715
 And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd ; 716
 For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe 717
 To whom they go to : what wil you reade to her. 718

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you, 719
 As for my patron, stand you so assur'd, 720
 As firmly as your selfe were still in place, 721

Yea and perhaps with more successefull words	722
Then you ; vnlesse you were a scholler fir.	723
<i>Gre.</i> Oh this learning, what a thing it is.	724
<i>Gru.</i> Oh this Woodcocke, what an Affe it is.	725
<i>Petru.</i> Peace firra.	726
<i>Hor.</i> <i>Grumio</i> mum : God faue you signior <i>Gremio</i> .	727
<i>Gre.</i> And you are wel met, Signior <i>Hortensio</i> .	728
Trow you whither I am going ? To <i>Baptista Minola</i> ,	729
I promist to enquire carefully	730
About a schoolemaster for the faire <i>Bianca</i> ,	731
And by good fortune I haue lighted well	732
On this yong man : For learning and behaiour	733
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie	734
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.	735
<i>Hor.</i> 'Tis well : and I haue met a Gentleman	736
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,	737
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,	738
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie	739
To faire <i>Bianca</i> , so beloued of me.	740
<i>Gre.</i> Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.	741
<i>Gru.</i> And that his bags shal proue.	742
<i>Hor.</i> <i>Gremio</i> , 'tis now no time to vent our loue,	743
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,	744
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.	745
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met	746
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,	747
Will vndertake to woo curst <i>Katherine</i> ,	748
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.	749
<i>Gre.</i> So said, so done, is well :	750
<i>Hortensio</i> , haue you told him all her faults ?	751
<i>Petr.</i> I know she is an irkesome brawling scold :	752
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.	753
<i>Gre.</i> No, sayst me so, friend ? What Countreyman ?	754
<i>Petr.</i> Borne in <i>Verona</i> , old <i>Butonios</i> sonne :	755
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,	756
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.	757

Gre. Oh fir, fuch a life with fuch a wife, were ftrange : 758
 But if you haue a ftomacke, too't a Gods name, 759
 You fhall haue me affifting you in all. 760
 But will you woo this Wilde-cat ? 761

Petr. Will I liue ? 762

Gru. Wil he woo her ? I : or Ile hang her. 763

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent ? 764

Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares ? 765

Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore ? 766

Haue I not heard the fea, puft vp with windes, 767

Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with fwet ? 768

Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field ? 769

And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies ? 770

Haue I not in a pitched battell heard 771

Loud larums, neighing fteeds, & trumpets clangue ? 772

And do you tell me of a womans tongue ? 773

That giues not halfe fo great a blow to heare, 774

As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire. 775

Tufh, tufh, feare boyes with bugs. 776

Gru. For he feares none. 777

Grem. *Hortensio* hearke : 778

This Gentleman is happily arriu'd, 779

My minde prefumes for his owne good, and yours. 780

Hor. I promift we would be Contributors, 781

And beare his charge of wooing whatfoere. 782

Gremio. And fo we wil, prouided that he win her. 783

Gru. I would I were as fure of a good dinner. 784

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello. 785

Tra. Gentlemen God faue you. If I may be bold 786

Tell me I befeech you, which is the readieft way 787

To the houfe of Signior *Baptista Minola* ? 788

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters : ift he you 789
 meane ? 790

Tra. Euen he *Biondello*. 791

Gre. Hearke you fir, you meane not her to ——— 792

<i>Tra.</i> Perhaps him and her fir, what haue you to do ?	793
<i>Petr.</i> Not her that chides fir, at any hand I pray.	794
<i>Tranio.</i> I loue no chiders fir : <i>Biondello</i> , let's away.	795
<i>Luc</i> Well begun <i>Tranio</i> .	796
<i>Hor.</i> Sir, a word ere you go :	797
Are you a futor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no ?	798
<i>Tra.</i> And if I be fir, is it any offence ?	799
<i>Gremio.</i> No : if without more words you will get you	800
hence.	801
<i>Tra.</i> Why fir, I pray are not the streers as free	802
For me, as for you ?	803
<i>Gre.</i> But so is not she.	804
<i>Tra.</i> For what reason I beseech you.	805
<i>Gre.</i> For this reason if you'l kno,	806
That she's the choise loue of Signior <i>Gremio</i> .	807
<i>Hor.</i> That she's the chosene of signior <i>Hortensio</i> .	808
<i>Tra.</i> Softly my Masters : If you be Gentlemen	809
Do me this right : heare me with patience.	810
<i>Baptista</i> is a noble Gentleman,	811
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,	812
And were his daughter fairer then she is,	813
She may more futors haue, and me for one.	814
Faire <i>Lædaes</i> daughter had a thousand wooers,	815
Then well one more may faire <i>Bianca</i> haue ;	816
And so she shal : <i>Lucentio</i> shal make one,	817
Though <i>Paris</i> came, in hope to speed alone.	818
<i>Gre.</i> What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.	819
<i>Luc.</i> Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.	820
<i>Petr.</i> <i>Hortensio</i> , to what end are all these words ?	821
<i>Hor.</i> Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,	822
Did you yet euer see <i>Baptistas</i> daughter ?	823
<i>Tra.</i> No fir, but heare I do that he hath two :	824
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,	825
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.	826
<i>Petr.</i> Sir, fir, the first's for me, let her go by.	827
<i>Gre.</i> Yea, leaue that labour to great <i>Hercules</i> ,	828
And let it be more then <i>Alcides</i> twelue.	829

Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth) 830
 The yongest daughter whom you hearken for, 831
 Her father keepes from all accesse of futors, 832
 And will not promise her to any man, 833
 Vntill the elder sifter first be wed. 834
 The yonger then is free, and not before. 835

Tranio. If it be so fir, that you are the man 836
 Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest : 837
 And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke, 838
 Atchieue the elder : fet the yonger free, 839
 For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her, 840
 Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate. 841

Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue, 842
 And since you do professe to be a futor, 843
 You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman, 844
 To whom we all rest generally beholding. 845

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof, 846
 Please ye we may contriue this afternoone, 847
 And quaffe carowfes to our Mistresse health, 848
 And do as aduerfaries do in law, 849
 Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends. 850

Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion : fellowes let's be gon. 851

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so, 852

Petruchio, I shal be your *Been venuto.* *Exeunt.* 853

Enter Katherina and Bianca. 854

Bian. Good sifter wrong me not, nor wrong your self, 855
 To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee, 856
 That I disdaine : but for these other goods, 857
 Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe, 858
 Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate, 859
 Or what you will command me, wil I do, 860
 So well I know my dutie to my elders. 861

Kate. Of all thy futors heere I charge tel 862
 Whom thou lou'ft best : see thou dissemble not. 863

Bianca. Beleeue me sifter, of all the men aliue, 864

277 *Pol.* Here comes the man that *I* did tel you of.
278 *Feran.* Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
279 How now *Polidor*, what man still in loue ?
280 Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,

I neuer yet beheld that speciall face, 865
Which I could fancie, more then any other. 866

Kate. Minion thou lyeſt : Is't not *Hortensio* ? 867

Bian. If you affect him ſiſter, heere I ſweare 868
Ile pleade for you my ſelfe, but you ſhal haue him. 869

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more, 870
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire. 871

Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me ſo ? 872
Nay then you ieſt, and now I wel perceiue 873

You haue but ieſted with me all this while : 874
I prethee ſiſter *Kate*, vntie my hands. 875

Ka. If that be ieſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her* 876

Enter Baptiſta. 877

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this in- 878
ſolence ? 879

Bianca ſtand aſide, poore gyrl ſhe weepes : 880

Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her. 881

For ſhame thou Hilding of a diuellish ſpirit, 882

Why doſt thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee ? 883

When did ſhe croſſe thee with a bitter word ? 884

Kate. Her ſilence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd. 885

Flies after Bianca 886

Bap. What in my ſight ? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.* 887

Kate. What will you not ſuffer me : Nay now I fee 888

She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt haue a husband, 889

I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding day, 890

And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell. 891

Talke not to me, I will go ſit and weepe, 892

Till I can finde occaſion of reuenge. 893

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I ? 894

But who comes heere. 895

281 God send me better luck when I shall woo.
 282 *San.* I warrant you maister and you take my counsell.
 283 *Feran.* Why firha, are you so cunning?
 284 *San.* Who I, twere better for you by fiae marke
 285 And you could tel how to doo it as well as I.
 286 *Pol.* I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
 287 To trie himfelfe how he could woe a wench.
 288 *Feran.* Faith I am euen now a going.
 289 *San.* I faith fir, my maisters going to this geere now.
 290 *Pol.* Whither in faith *Ferando*, tell me true.
 291 *Feran.* To bonie *Kate*, the patientst wench aliue
 292 The diuel himfelfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
 293 Signior *Alfonso*s eldest daughter,
 294 And he hath promifde me fix thousand crownes
 295 If I can win her once to be my wife,
 296 And she and I must woo with skoulding fure,
 297 And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
 298 Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.
 299 *Pol.* How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
 300 Our mindes before we sent to him,
 301 But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?
 302 *Feran.* Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside,
 303 And I will make her father bring hir hither,
 304 And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.
 305 *Pol.* With al our heartes, Come *Aurelius*
 306 Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone. *Exit.*

307 *Feran.* Ho Signiour *Alfonso*, whose within there?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, 896

Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy 897

bearing a Lute and Bookes. 898

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista.* 899

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio* : God faue 900
you Gentlemen. 901

Pet. And you good fir : pray haue you not a daugh- 902
ter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous. 903

Bap. I haue a daughter fir, cal'd *Katerina.* 904

921 308 *Alfon.* Signiour *Ferando* your welcome hartilie,
309 You are a stranger fir vnto my house.
310 Harke you fir, looke what I did promise you

<i>Gre.</i> You are too blunt, go to it orderly.	905
<i>Pet.</i> You wrong me signior <i>Gremio</i> , giue me leaue.	906
I am a Gentleman of <i>Verona</i> fir,	907
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,	908
Her affability and bashfull modestie :	909
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaiour,	910
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest	911
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse	912
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,	913
And for an entrance to my entertainment,	914
I do present you with a man of mine	915
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,	916
To instruct her fully in those sciences,	917
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,	918
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,	919
His name is <i>Litio</i> , borne in <i>Mantua</i> .	920
<i>Bap.</i> Y're welcome fir, and he for your good sake.	921
But for my daughter <i>Katherine</i> , this I know,	922
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.	923
<i>Pet.</i> I see you do not meane to part with her,	924
Or else you like not of my companie.	925
<i>Bap.</i> Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,	926
Whence are you fir? What may I call your name.	927
<i>Pet.</i> <i>Petruchio</i> is my name, <i>Antonio's</i> sonne,	928
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.	929
<i>Bap.</i> I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.	930
<i>Gre.</i> Sauing your tale <i>Petruchio</i> , I pray let vs that are	931
poore petitioners speake too? <i>Bacare</i> , you are meruay-	932
lous forward.	933
<i>Pet.</i> Oh, Pardon me signior <i>Gremio</i> , I would faine be	934
doing.	935
<i>Gre.</i> I doubt it not fir. But you will curse	936
Your wooing neighbors : this is a guift	937
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse	938

The like kindnesse my felfe, that haue beene 939
 More kindly beholding to you then any : 940
 Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath 941
 Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning 942
 In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages, 943
 As the other in Muficke and Mathematickes : 944
 His name is *Cambio* : pray accept his seruice. 945

Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio* : 946
 Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle fir, 947
 Me thinkes you walke like a stranger, 948
 May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming ? 949

Tra. Pardon me fir, the boldnesse is mine owne, 950
 That being a stranger in this Cittie heere, 951
 Do make my felfe as utor to your daughter, 952
 Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous : 953
 Nor is your firme resolute vnknowne to me, 954
 In the preferment of the eldest sister. 955
 This liberty is all that I request, 956
 That vpon knowledge of my Parentage, 957
 I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, 958
 And free acceffe and fauour as the rest. 959
 And toward the education of your daughters : 960
 I heere bestow a simple instrument, 961
 And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes : 962
 If you accept them, then their worth is great : 963

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray. 964

Tra. Of *Pisa* fir, sonne to *Vincentio*. 965

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report, 966
 I know him well : you are verie welcome fir : 967
 Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes, 968
 You shall go see your Pupils presently. 969
 Holla, within. 970

Enter a Seruant. 971

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen 972
 To my daughters, and tell them both 973
 These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well, 974

993 311 Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.
312 *Feran.* Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
313 Doo you step in and giue her hand to me,

We will go walke a little in the Orchard, 975
 And then to dinner : you are passing welcome, 976
 And so I pray you all to thinke your selues. 977

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste, 978
 And euerie day I cannot come to woo, 979
 You knew my father well, and in him me, 980
 Left folie heire to all his Lands and goods, 981
 Which I haue bettered rather then decreast, 982
 Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue, 983
 What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife. 984

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands, 985
 And in possession twentie thousand Crownes. 986

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of 987
 Her widdow-hood, be it that she furuiue me 988
 In all my Lands and Leafes whatfoeuer, 989
 Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs, 990
 That couenants may be kept on either hand. 991

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd, 992
 That is her loue : for that is all in all. 993

Pet. Why that is nothing : for I tell you father, 994
 I am as peremptorie as she proud minded : 995
 And where two raging fires meete together, 996
 They do consume the thing that feedes their furie. 997
 Though little fire growes great with little winde, 998
 yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all : 999
 So I to her, and so she yeelds to me, 1000
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. 1001

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed : 1002
 But be thou arm'd for some vnhappy words. 1003

Pet. I to the prooffe, as Mountaines are for windes, 1004
 That shakes not, though they blow perpetually. 1005

Enter Hortensio with his head broke. 1006

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale ? 1007
 1008

- Hor.* For feare I promise you, if I looke pale. 1009
- Bap.* What, will my daughter proue a good Mufitian? 1010
1011
- Hor.* I thinke she'l fooner proue a souldier, 1012
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes. 1013
- Bap.* Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute? 1014
- Hor.* Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me : 1015
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets, 1016
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, 1017
When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit) 1018
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them : 1019
And with that word she stroke me on the head, 1020
And through the instrument my pate made way, 1021
And there I stood amazed for a while, 1022
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute, 1023
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler, 1024
And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes, 1025
As had she studied to misse me so. 1026
- Pet.* Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench, 1027
I loue her ten times more then ere I did, 1028
Oh how I long to haue some chat with her. 1029
- Bap.* Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited. 1030
Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter, 1031
She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes : 1032
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs, 1033
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you. 1034
- Exit. Manet Petruchio.* 1035
- Pet.* I pray you do. Ile attend her heere, 1036
And woo her with some spirit when she comes, 1037
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine, 1038
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale : 1039
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere 1040
As morning Roses newly washt with dew : 1041
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word, 1042
Then Ile commend her volubility, 1043
And say she vttereth piercing eloquence : 1044

1048 314 And tell her when the marriage daie shal be,
315 For I doo know she would be married faine,
316 And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
317 Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
318 Now call her foorth that I may speake with hir.

1050 319 Enter *Kate*.
320 *Alfon*. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench & list to me,
321 Vfe this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.
1051 322 *Feran*. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*.

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If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes, 1045
 As though she bid me stay by her a weeke : 1046
 If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day 1047
 When I shall aske the banes, and when be married. 1048

But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake. 1049

Enter Katerina. 1050

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare. 1051

Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of 1052
 hearing :

They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me. 1054

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*, 1055

And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst : 1056

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome, 1057

Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*, 1058

For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate* 1059

Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation, 1060

Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne, 1061

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie founded, 1062

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, 1063

My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife. 1064

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you 1065
 hether 1066

Remoue you hence : I knew you at the first 1067

You were a mouable. 1068

Pet. Why, what's a mouable ? 1069

Kat. A ioy'n'd stoole. 1070

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come sit on me. 1071

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you. 1072

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you. 1073

Kate. Not such lade as you, if me you meane. 1074

- 323 *Kate.* You iest I am fure, is she yours alreadie ?
324 *Feran.* I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'ft me well.
325 *Kate.* The deuill you doo, who told you fo ?
326 *Feran.* My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
1153 327 Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.
328 *Kate.* Was euer feene fo grose an affe as this ?
329 *Feran.* I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
330 *Kate.* Hands off I say, and get you from this place ;
331 Or I wil fet my ten commandments in your face.
332 *Feran.* I prethe doo kate ; they say thou art a shrew,
333 And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
334 *Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
335 *Feran.* No kate, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
1069 336 *Kate.* In faith fir no the woodcock wants his taile.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee, 1075
 For knowing thee to be but yong and light. 1076
Kate. Too light for fuch a fwaine as you to catch, 1077
 And yet as heauie as my waight should be. 1078
Pet. Shold be, should : buzze. 1079
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard. 1080
Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee? 1081
Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard. 1082
Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too 1083
 angrie. 1084
Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting. 1085
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out. 1086
Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies. 1087
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare 1088

his sting? In his taile. 1089
Kate. In his tongue? 1090
Pet. Whose tongue. 1091
Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell. 1092
Pet. What with my tongue in your taile. 1093
 Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman, 1094
Kate. That Ile trie. *she strikes him* 1095
Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe. 1096
Kate. So may you loose your armes, 1097

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,	1098
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.	1099
<i>Pet.</i> A Herald <i>Kate</i> ? Oh put me in thy bookes.	1100
<i>Kate.</i> What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?	1101
<i>Pet.</i> A combleffe Cocke, fo <i>Kate</i> will be my Hen.	1102
<i>Kate.</i> No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen	1103
<i>Pet.</i> Nay come <i>Kate</i> , come : you must not looke fo	1104
lowre.	1105
<i>Kate.</i> It is my fashion when I see a Crab.	1106
<i>Pet.</i> Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not	1107
lowre.	1108
<i>Kate.</i> There is, there is.	1109
<i>Pet.</i> Then shew it me.	1110
<i>Kate.</i> Had I a glasse, I would.	1111
<i>Pet.</i> What, you meane my face.	1112
<i>Kate.</i> Well aym'd of such a yong one.	1113
<i>Pet.</i> Now by S. George I am too yong for you.	1114
<i>Kate.</i> Yet you are wither'd.	1115
<i>Pet.</i> 'Tis with cares.	1116
<i>Kate.</i> I care not.	1117
<i>Pet.</i> Nay heare you <i>Kate</i> . Infooth you scape not fo.	1118
<i>Kate.</i> I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.	1119
<i>Pet.</i> No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle :	1120
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,	1121
And now I finde report a very liar :	1122
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,	1123
But slow in speech : yet sweet as spring-time flowers.	1124
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a fconce,	1125
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,	1126
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke :	1127
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,	1128
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.	1129
Why does the world report that <i>Kate</i> doth limpe?	1130
Oh slanderous world : <i>Kate</i> like the hazle twig	1131
Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue	1132
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels :	1133
Oh let me see thee walke : thou dost not halt.	1134

- 337 *Feran.* But yet his bil wil ferue, if the other faile.
1160 338 *Alfon.* How now *Ferando*, what faies my daughter ?

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ft command. 1135
Petr. Did euer *Dian* fo become a Groue 1136
 As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate : 1137
 O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*, 1138
 And then let *Kate* be chafte, and *Dian* sportfull. 1139
Kate. Where did you ftudy all this goodly fpeech ? 1140
Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit. 1141
Kate. A witty mother, witleffe elfe her fonne. 1142
Petr. Am I not wife ? 1143
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme. 1144
Petr. Marry fo I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed : 1145
 And therefore fetting all this chat afide, 1146
 Thus in plaine termes : your father hath confented 1147
 That you fhall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on, 1148
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you. 1149
 Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne, 1150
 For by this light, whereby I fee thy beauty, 1151
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well, 1152
 Thou muft be married to no man but me, 1153

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno. 1154

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*, 1155
 And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate* 1156
 Conformable as other houfhould *Kates* : 1157
 Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall, 1158
 I muft, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter ? 1159

Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how fpeed you with my 1160
Petr. How but well fir ? how but well ? 1161
 It were impoffible I fhould fpeed amiffe. (dumps ? 1162
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your 1163
Kat. Call you me daughter ? now I promife you 1164
 You haue fhewd a tender fatherly regard, 1165
 To wifh me wed to one halfe Lunaticke, 1166
 A mad-cap ruffian, and a fwearing Iacke, 1167
 That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out. 1168

1186 339 *Feran.* Shees willing fir and loues me as hir life.

340 *Kate.* Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
1197 341 *Alfon.* Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand

342 To him that I haue chofen for thy loue,
343 And thou to morrow fhalt be wed to him.
344 *Kate.* Why father, what do you meane to do with me,
1198 345 To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world 1169
 That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her : 1170
 If she be curst, it is for pollicie, 1171
 For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue, 1172
 Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne, 1173
 For patience shee will proue a second *Grissell*, 1174
 And *Romane Lucrece* for her chastitie : 1175
 And to conclude, we haue 'greed so well together, 1176
 That vpon fonday is the wedding day. 1177

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on fonday first. (first. 1178

Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd 1179

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay thẽ godnight our part. 1180

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe, 1181
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? 1182

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt vs twaine being alone, 1183

That she shall still be curst in company. 1184

I tell you 'tis incredible to beleuee 1185

How much she loues me : oh the kindest *Kate*, 1186

Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse 1187

Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath, 1188

That in a twinke she won me to her loue. 1189

Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see 1190

How tame when men and women are alone, 1191

A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew : 1192

Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice* 1193

To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day ; 1194

Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests, 1195

I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine. 1196

Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your hãds, 1197

God send you ioy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match. 1198

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses. 1199

346 That in his mood cares not to murder me ?
 347 She turnes aside and speakes.
 348 But yet I will consent and marrie him,
 349 For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
 350 And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
 351 *Alfon.* Giue me thy hand *Ferando* loues thee wel,
 352 And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.
 353 Here *Ferando* take her for thy wife,
 1208 354 And sunday next shall be your wedding day.
 355 *Feran.* Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
 1200 356 Father, I leaue my louelie *Kate* with you,

357 Prouide your selues against our mariage daie,
 358 For I must hie me to my countrie house
 359 In hast, to see prouision may be made,
 360 To entertaine my *Kate* when she dooth come.
 361 *Alfon.* Doo so, come *Kate*, why doost thou looke
 362 So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
 363 Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.

1204 364 *Exit Alfonso and Kate.*
 365 *Feran.* So, all thus farre goes well. Ho *Saunder.*
 366 Enter *Saunder* laughing.
 367 *San.* *Sander*, Ifaith your a beaft, *I* crie God hartilie
 368 Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
 369 Laughing, I stood behind the doore all this while,
 370 And heard what you said to hir. (wel to hir ?
 371 *Feran.* Why didst thou think that I did not speake
 372 *San.* You spoke like an affe to her, Ile tel you what,
 373 And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
 374 Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before she
 1089 375 Had gone a foot furer, and you talke of Woodcocks
 376 with her, and I cannot tell you what. (for all this.
 377 *Feran.* Wel firha, & yet thou seeft I haue got her
 378 *San.* I marry twas more byhap then any good cunning

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu, 1200
I will to *Venice*, fonday comes apace, 1201
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array, 1202

And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a fonday. 1203
Exit Petruchio and Katherine. 1204

- 379 I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the
 380 parish shortly.
 381 *Feran.* Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to *Polidors*
 382 The yong gentleman that was here with me, (house,
 383 And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowst,
 1208 384 Tell him on funday next we must be married,
 385 And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
 386 Tell him into the countrie to my house,
 1201 387 And vpon fundae Ile be heere againe. *Ex. Ferando,*
 388 *San.* I warrant you Maister feare not me
 389 For dooing of my businesse.
 390 Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
 391 To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
 392 On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
 393 Plaine *Saunder* now at any of their handes, for and any
 394 Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
 395 They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
 396 *Saunder* speake a good word for me, and then am I fo
 397 Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my pantoffles
 398 To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant
 399 Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
 400 To a woman now a late, and I haue a prettie wench
 401 To my sifter, and I had thought to haue preferd my
 402 Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
 403 Deale in my waie but that hees sped alreadie.
 404 Enter *Polidors* boie.
 405 *Boy.* Friend, well met.
 406 *San.* Souns, friend well met. I hold my life he fees
 407 Not my maisters liuerie coat,
 408 Plaine friend hop of my thum, kno you who we are.
 409 *Boy.* Trust me sir it is the vfe where I was borne,
 410 To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
 411 If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
 412 I am the more forie for it, hoping the stile
 413 Of a foole will make you amends for all.
 414 *San.* The slaue is forie for his fault, now we cannot be
 415 Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.

- 416 *Boy.* Marry fir, I heare you pertain to signior
 417 *Ferando.*
 418 *San.* I and thou beest not blind thou maist see,
 419 *Ecce signum,* heere.
 420 *Boy.* Shall I intreat you to doo me a meffage to your
 421 Maifter?
 422 *San.* I, it may be, & you tel vs from whence you com.
 423 *Boy.* Marrie fir I ferue yong *Polidor* your maisters
 424 friend.
 425 *San.* Do you ferue him, and whats your name?
 426 *Boy.* My name firha, I tell thee firha is cald Catapie.
 427 *San.* Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to haue a peece
 428 of thee.
 429 *Boy.* Why flauie wouldst thou eate me?
 430 *San.* Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?
 431 *Boy.* Why villaine my name is Catapie,
 432 But wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.
 433 *San.* Nay thou must first tell me where thy maister is,
 434 For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.
 435 *Boy.* Why see where he comes.
 436 Enter *Polidor, Aurclius* and *Valeria.*
 437 *Pol.* Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithfull friend,
 438 Now will we go to see those louelie dames
 439 Richer in beawtie then the orient pearle,
 440 Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,
 441 And farre more louelie then the terean plant,
 442 That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
 443 What *Sander*, what newes with you?
 444 *San.* Marry fir my maister sends you word
 445 That you must come to his wedding to morrow.
 446 *Pol.* What, shall he be married then?
 447 *San.* Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as
 448 you doo.
 449 *Pol.* Whither is thy maister gone now?
 450 *San.* Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
 451 To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new

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452 Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to
453 morrowe.

454 *Pol.* This is suddainlie dispatcht belike.

455 Well, firha boy, take *Saunder* in with you

456 And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.

457 *Boy.* I will fir : come *Saunder*.

458 *Exit Saunder and the Boy.*

459 *Aurel. Valeria* as erste we did deuise,

460 Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,

461 And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

462 *Pol.* I *Valeria* for he spoke to me,

463 To helpe him to some cunning Musition,

464 To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,

465 And thou I know will fit his turne so well

466 As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,

467 Begon *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

468 *Valer* I will fir and stay your comming at *Alfonso's*
469 house.

470 *Exit Valeria*

471 *Pol.* Now sweete *Aurelius* by this deuise

472 Shall we haue leifure for to courte our loues,

473 For whilst that she is learning on the lute,

474 Hir sisters may take time to steele abroad,

475 For otherwise shele keep them both within,

476 And make them worke whilst she hir selfe doth play,

477 But come lets go vnto *Alfonso's* house,

478 And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agreefe,

479 I doute his Musick skarfe will please his skoller,

480 But stay here comes *Alfonso*.

481 *Enter Alfonso*

482 *Alfonso.* What M. *Polidor* you are well mett,

483 I thanke you for the man you sent to me,

484 A good Musition I thinke he is,

485 I haue fet my daughter and him together,

486 But is this gentellman a frend of yours ?

487 *Pol.* He is, I prairie you fir bid him welcome,

488 He's a wealthie Marchants sonne of *Cestus*.

489 *Alfonso*. Your welcom fir and if my house aforde
490 You any thing that may content your mind,
491 I pray you fir make bold with me.
492 *Aurel*. I thanke you fir, and if what I haue got,
493 By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
494 Sattins or lawnes or azure colloured filke,
495 Or pretious fire pointed stones of Indie,
496 You shall command both them my selfe and all.
497 *Alfon*. Thanks gentle fir, *Polidor* take him in,
498 And bid him welcome to vnto my house,
499 For thou I thinke must be my second sonne,
500 *Ferando*, *Polidor* doost thou not know
501 Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.
502 *Pol*. Such newes I heard, and *I* came now to know.
503 *Alfon*. *Polidor* tis true, goe let me alone,
504 For I must see against the bridegroom come,
505 That all thinges be according to his mind,
506 And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two. *Exit.*
507 *Pol*. Come then *Aureleus* come in with me,
508 And weele go sit a while and chat with them,
509 And after bring them forth to take the aire. *Exit.*

- Gre.* Was euer match clapt vp so fodainly? 1205
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part, 1206
And venture madly on a desperate Mart. 1207
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you, 1208
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas. 1209
Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match. 1210
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch : 1211
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter, 1212
Now is the day we long haue looked for, 1213
I am your neighbour, and was suter first. 1214
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more 1215
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse. 1216
Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I. 1217
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze. 1218
Gre. But thine doth frie, 1219
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth. 1220

- Tra.* But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth. 1221
- Bap.* Content you gentlemen, I wil cōpound this strife 1222
- 'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both 1223
- That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower, 1224
- Shall haue my *Biancas* loue. 1225
- Say ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her? 1226
- Gre.* Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the City 1227
- Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold, 1228
- Baſons and ewers to laue her dainty hands : 1229
- My hangings all of *tirian* tapeſtry : 1230
- In Iuory cofers I haue ſtuft my crownes : 1231
- In Cypres cheſts my arras counterpoints, 1232
- Coſtly apparell, tents, and Canopies, 1233
- Fine Linnen, Turky cuſhions boſt with pearle, 1234
- Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke : 1235
- Pewter and braſſe, and all things that belongs 1236
- To houſe or houſe-keeping : then at my farme 1237
- I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale, 1238
- Sixe-ſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls, 1239
- And all things anſwerable to this portion. 1240
- My ſelfe am ſtrooke in yeeres I muſt confeſſe, 1241
- And if I die to morrow this is hers, 1242
- If whil'ſt I liue ſhe will be onely mine. 1243
- Tra.* That only came well in : fir, liſt to me, 1244
- I am my fathers heyre and onely ſonne, 1245
- If I may haue your daughter to my wife, 1246
- Ile leaue her houſes three or foure as good 1247
- Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one 1248
- Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*, 1249
- Befides, two thouſand Duckets by the yeere 1250
- Of fruitfull land, all which ſhall be her ioynter. 1251
- What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*? 1252
- Gre.* Two thouſand Duckets by the yeere of land, 1253
- My Land amounts not to ſo much in all : 1254
- That ſhe ſhall haue, beſides an Argofie 1255
- That now is lying in Marcellus roade : 1256
- What, haue I choakt you with an Argofie? 1257

- Tra. Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no leffe 1258
 Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliaffes 1259
 And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her, 1260
 And twice as much what ere thou offrest next. 1261
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more, 1262
 And she can haue no more then all I haue, 1263
 If you like me, she shall haue me and mine. 1264
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world 1265
 By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-vied. 1266
Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best, 1267
 And let your father make her the assurance, 1268
 Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me : 1269
 If you should die before him, where's her dower ? 1270
Tra. That's but a cauill : he is olde, I young. 1271
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old ? 1272
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd, 1273
 On sonday next, you know 1274
 My daughter *Katherine* is to be married : 1275
 Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca* 1276
 Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance : 1277
 If not, to Signior *Gremio* : 1278
 And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.* 1279
Gre. Adieu good neighbour : now I feare thee not : 1280
 Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole 1281
 To giue thee all, and in his wayning age 1282
 Set foot vnder thy table : tut, a toy, 1283
 An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.* 1284
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide, 1285
 Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten : 1286
 'Tis in my head to doe my master good : 1287
 I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio* 1288
 Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*, 1289
 And that's a wonder : fathers commonly 1290
 Doe get their children : but in this case of woin, 1291
 A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.* 1292

510 Then *Slie* speakes.

511 *Slie. Sim*, when will the foole come againe ?

512 *Lord.* Heele come againe my Lord anon.

513 *Slie.* Gis some more drinke here, founs wheres

514 *The Tapster*, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

515 *Lord.* So I doo my Lord.

516 *Slie.* Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

517 *Lord.* My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,

518 *Slie.* O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

519 Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate*
520 with him.

521 *Vale.* The fencelesse trees by musick haue bin moou'd

522 And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,

523 Haue sauage beastes hung downe their listning heads,

524 As though they had beene cast into a trance.

525 Then it may be that she whom nought can please,

526 With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,

1015 527 Come louely mistresse will you take your lute,

528 And play the lesson that I taught you last ?

529 *Kate.* It is no matter whether I doo or no,

530 For trust me I take no great delight in it.

531 *Vale.* I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,

532 To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.

533 *Kate.* In you with a pestlence, are you so kind ?

534 Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,

535 To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.

536 *Val.* If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,

537 You should command a greater thing then that,

538 Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

539 *Kate.* Your so kind twere pittie you should be

540 hang'd,

541 And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.

542 *Val.* Why mistresse doo you mocke me ?

543 *Kate.* No, but I meane to moue thee.

544 *Val.* Well, will you plaie a little ?

- 545 *Kate.* I, giue me the Lute.
 546 She plaies.
 1018 547 *Val.* That stop was false, play it againe.
 548 *Kate.* Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.
 549 *Val.* What, doo you bid me kisse your arse?
 1025 550 *Kate.* How now iack fause, your a iollie mate,
 551 Your best be still leaft I crosse your pate,
 552 And make your musicke flie about your eares,
 553 Ile make it and your foolish coxcombe meet.
 554 She offers to strike him with the lute.
 1014 555 *Val.* Hold mistresse, founs wil you breake my lute?
 1020 556 *Kate.* I on thy head, and if thou speake to me,
 557 There take it vp and fiddle somewhere else,
 558 She throwes it downe.
 559 And see you come no more into this place,
 560 Least that I clap your fiddle on your face. *Ex. Kate.*
 1015 561 *Val.* Souns, teach hir to play vpon the lute?
 562 The deuill shal teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
 563 For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
 564 But that my lute should flie about mine eares,
 565 My maister shall teach her his selfe for me,
 566 For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
 567 For he and *Polydor* sent me before
 568 To be with her and teach her on the lute,
 569 Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
 570 And heere methinkes they come together.

571 Enter *Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia,*
 572 and *Philena.*

- 573 *Pol.* How now *Valeria*, whears your mistresse?
 574 *Val.* At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.
 575 *Aurel.* Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace?
 576 *Val.* Yes berlady she has learnt too much already,
 577 And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire,
 578 But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

*Actus Tertia**Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca,*

579 *Aurel.* Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
 580 And beare him companie that came to daie
 581 From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwels. *Ex. Valeria.*
 582 *Pol.* Come faire *Emelia* my louelie loue,
 583 Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
 584 The eie-sight of the glorious firmament,
 585 In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
 586 Wilie *Prometheus* filie stole from *Ioue*,
 587 Infusing breath, life, motion, foule,
 588 To euerie obiect striken by thine eies.
 589 Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,
 590 And either must enioy thy loue, or die.
 591 *Eme.* Fie man, I know you will not die for loue.
 592 Ah *Polidor* thou needst not to complaine,
 593 Eternall heauen sooner be diffolude,
 594 And all that pearseth Phebus siluer eie,
 595 Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.
 596 *Pol.* Thanks faire *Emelia* for these sweet words,
 597 But what faith *Phylena* to hir friend?
 598 *Phyle.* Why I am buying marchandise of him.
 599 *Aurel.* Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
 600 For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
 601 And failde along the Cristall Helispont,
 602 I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
 603 Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
 604 To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
 605 To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
 606 And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
 607 As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* sonne,
 608 And you shall take your liberall choice of all.
 609 *Phyle.* I thanke you sir and would *Phylena* might
 610 In any curtesie requite you so,
 611 As she with willing hart could well bestow.

612 Enter *Alfonso*.

613 *Alfon.* How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

- 614 *Eme.* Not yet father, I wonder he staies so long.
615 *Alfon.* And wheres your sifter that she is not heere?
616 *Phyle.* She is making of hir readie father
617 To goe to church and if that he were come.
618 *Pol.* I warrant you heele not be long awaie.
619 *Alfon.* Go daughters get you in, and bid your
620 Sifter prouide her selfe against that we doo come,
621 And see you goe to church along with vs.
622 *Exit Philena and Emelia.*
623 I maruell that *Ferando* comes not away.
624 *Pol.* His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
625 In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
626 For no question but some fantasticke futes
627 He is determined to weare to day,
628 And richly powdered with pretious stones,
629 Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,
630 And such he meanes shall be his wedding futes.
631 *Alfon.* I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
632 In gold or filke, so he himselfe were heere,
633 For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
634 Then that he should deceiue vs heere to daie,
635 But soft I thinke I see him come.

<i>Luc.</i> Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,	1293
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment	1294
Her sister <i>Katherine</i> welcom'd you withall.	1295
<i>Hort.</i> But wrangling pedant, this is	1296
The patronesse of heauenly harmony :	1297
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,	1298
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,	1299
Your Lecture shall haue leifure for as much.	1300
<i>Luc.</i> Preposterous Ass that neuer read so farre,	1301
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd :	1302
Was it not to refresh the minde of man	1303
After his studies, or his vsuall paine ?	1304
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophie,	1305
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.	1306

- Hort.* Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine. 1307
- Bianc.* Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong, 1308
To strue for that which resteth in my choice : 1309
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles, 1310
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times, 1311
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe, 1312
And to cut off all strife : heere sit we downe, 1313
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles, 1314
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd. 1315
- Hort.* You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune ? 1316
- Luc.* That will be neuer, tune your instrument. 1317
- Bian.* Where left we last ? 1318
- Luc.* Heere Madam : *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est figeria* 1319
tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis. 1320
- Bian.* Conster them. 1321
- Luc.* *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lu- 1322
centio, *hic est*, sonne vnto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeria tel-* 1323
lus, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that 1324
Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man Tra- 1325
nio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might be- 1326
guile the old Pantalowne. 1327
- Hort.* Madam, my Instrument's in tune. 1328
- Bian.* Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres. 1329
- Luc.* Spit in the hole man, and tune againe. 1330
- Bian.* Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat fi-* 1331
mois, I know you not, *hic est figeria tellus*, I trust you not, 1332
hic staterat priami, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* pre- 1333
sume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not. 1334
- Hort.* Madam, tis now in tune. 1335
- Luc.* All but the base. 1336
- Hort.* The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars. 1337
- Luc.* How fiery and forward our Pedant is, 1338
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue, 1339
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet : 1340
In time I may beleeeue, yet I mistrust. 1341
- Bian.* Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides* 1342
Was *Ajax* cald so from his grandfather. 1343

- Hort.* I must beleue my master, else I promise you, 1844
 I should be arguing still vpon that doubt, 1845
 But let it rest, now *Litio* to you : 1846
 Good master take it not vnkindly pray 1847
 That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both. 1848
Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while, 1849
 My Lessons make no musicke in three parts. 1850
Luc. Are you so formall fir, well I must waite 1851
 And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd, 1852
 Our fine Musitian groweth amorous. 1853
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument, 1854
 To learne the order of my fingering, 1855
 I must begin with rudiments of Art, 1856
 To teach you gamoth in a briefer fort, 1857
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall, 1858
 Then hath beene taught by any of my trade, 1859
 And there it is in writing fairely drawne. 1860
Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe. 1861
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*. 1862
Bian. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord : 1863
Are, to plead *Hortensio's* passion : 1864
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord 1865
Cfawt, that loues with all affection : 1866
D folre, one Cliffe, two notes haue I, 1867
Ela mi, shew pittie or I die. 1868
 Call you this gamouth ? tut I like it not, 1869
 Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice 1870
 To charge true rules for old inuentions. 1871
Enter a Messenger. 1872
Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your 1873
 And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp, (books, 1874
 You know to morrow is the wedding day. 1875
Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone. 1876
Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay. 1877
Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant, 1878
 Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue : 1879

Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble 1380
 To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale : 1381
 Seize thee that Lift, if once I finde thee ranging, 1382
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.* 1383

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants. 1384

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day 1385
 That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married, 1386
 And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law : 1387
 What will be said, what mockery will it be ? 1388
 To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends 1389
 To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage ? 1390
 What faies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours ? 1391

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forfooth be forst 1392
 To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart 1393
 Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene, 1394
 Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure : 1395
 I told you I, he was a franticke foole, 1396
 Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauour, 1397
 And to be noted for a merry man ; 1398
 Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage, 1399
 Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes, 1400
 Yet neuer mcanes to wed where he hath woo'd : 1401
 Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*, 1402
 And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife 1403
 If it would please him come and marry her. 1404

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too, 1405
 Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well, 1406
 What euer fortune staves him from his word, 1407
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wife, 1408
 Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest. 1409

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though. 1410
Exit weeping. 1411

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe, 1412
 For such an iniurie would vexe a very faint, 1413
 Much more a shrew of impatient humour. 1414

Enter Biondello. 1416

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you
neuer heard of, 1418

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be? 1419

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's* 1420

Bap. Is he come? (comming? 1421

Bion. Why no fir. 1422

Bap. What then? 1423

Bion. He is comming. 1424

Bap. When will he be heere? 1425

Bion. When he stands where I am, and fees you there. 1426

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes? 1427

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and 1428
an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a 1429
paire of bootes that haue beene candle-cases, one buck- 1430
led, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the 1431
Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with 1432
two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mo- 1433
thy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides posselt 1434
with the glanders, and like to mofe in the chine, trou- 1435
bled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full 1436
of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yel- 1437
lowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the 1438
Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, 1439
and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a 1440
halfe-cheekt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which 1441
being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been 1442
often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth fixe 1443
times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which 1444
hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, 1445
and heere and there peec'd with packthred. 1446

Bap. Who comes with him? 1447

Bion. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari- 1448
fon'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and 1449
a kerfey boot-hofe on the other, gartred with a red and 1450
blew lift; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt 1451

- 1485 636 Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a
red cap on his head.
- 637 *Feran.* Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
638 You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
639 *Alfon.* I marrie son, we were almost perfwaded,
640 That we should scarce haue had our bridegroome heere,
641 But say, why art thou thus basely attired ?
642 *Feran.* Thus richlie father you should haue said,
643 For when my wife and I am married once,
644 Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out,
645 Sheele pul my coftlie futes ouer mine eares,
646 And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
647 For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
648 And none must know thereof but *Kate* and *I*,
649 For we shall liue like lammes and Lions fure,
650 Nor lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
651 If once they lie within the Lions pawes
652 As *Kate* to me if we were married once,

in't for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparell, 1452
 & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky. 1453

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion, 1454
 Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd. 1455

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes. 1456

Bion. Why fir, he comes not. 1457

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes? 1458

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came? 1459

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe. 1460

Bion. No fir, I say his horse comes with him on his 1461

Bap. Why that's all one. 1462

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and 1463
 a man is more then one, and yet not many. 1464

Enter Petruchio and Grumio. 1465

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home? 1466

Bap. You are welcome fir. 1467

Petr. And yet I come not well. 1468

Bap. And yet you halt not. 1469

- 1491 653 *And therefore come let vs to church presently,*
654 *Pol. Fie Ferando not thus atired for shame,*
- 1493 655 *Come to my Chamber and there fute thy selfe,*
656 *Of twentie futes that I did neuer were*
657 *Feran. Tush Polidor I haue as many futes*
658 *Fantasticke made to fit my humor so*
659 *As any in Athens and as richlie wrought*
660 *As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,*
661 *The stately legate of the Persian King,*
662 *And this from them haue I made choise to weare.*
663 *Alfon. I prethie Ferando let me intreat*
664 *Before thou goste vnto the church with vs,*
665 *To put some other fute vpon thy backe.*
666 *Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,*
667 *And therefore take me thus or not at all,*

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were. 1470

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus : 1471

But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride? 1472

How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne, 1473

And wherefore gaze this goodly company, 1474

As if they saw some wondrous monument, 1475

Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie? 1476

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day : 1477

Firft were we sad, fearing you would not come, 1478

Now sadder that you come so vnprovided : 1479

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, 1480

An eye-fore to our solemne festiuall. 1481

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import 1482

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, 1483

And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe? 1484

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare, 1485

Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word, 1486

Though in some part inforced to digresse, 1487

Which at more leysure I will so excuse, 1488

As you shall well be fatisfied with all. 1489

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her, 1490

The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church. 1491

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes, 1492

Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine. 1493

668 Enter *Kate*.

669 But soft se where my *Kate* doth come,

670 I must salute hir : how fares my louely *Kate* ?

1491 671 What art thou readie ? shall we go to church.?

672 *Kate*. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,

673 To marrie such a filthie slauish groome,

674 That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,

675 Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.

676 *Feran*. Tush *Kate* these words addes greater loue in me

677 And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,

678 Sweete *Kate* the louelier then Dianas purple robe,

679 Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,

680 Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.

681 Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,

682 More faire and Radiente is my bonie *Kate*,

683 Then siluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace,

684 The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,

685 And care not thou swete *Kate* how I be clad,

686 Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median filke,

687 Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,

688 By Italian Marchants that with Ruffian stemes,

689 Plous vp huge sorrowes in the *Terren Maine*,

690 And better farre my louely *Kate* shall weare,

691 Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church

692 For this I sweare shall be my wedding fute.

693 *Exeunt om.*

694 *Alfon*. Come gentlemen go along with vs,

695 For thus doo what we can he will be wed. *Exit.*

Pet. Not I, beleeeue me, thus Ile vifit her. 1494
Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words, 1495
Pet. Good footh euen thus : therefore ha done with 1496
To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes : 1497
Could I repaire what she will weare in me, 1498
As I can change these poore accoutrements, 1499
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe. 1500
But what a foole am I to chat with you, 1501

696 Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander*.

697 *Boy*. Come hither firha boy.

698 *San*. Boy ; oh disgrace to my perfon, founs boy

699 Of your face, you haue many boies with fuch

700 Pickadeuantes I am fure, founs would you

701 Not haue a bloudie nose for this ?

702 *Boy*. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that

703 Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.

704 *San*. The pie ? I you haue more minde of your bellie

705 Then to go see what your maifter dooes.

706 *Boy*. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,

707 I am verie hungry I promife thee.

708 *San*. Why you may take it and the deuill burft

709 You with it, one cannot faue a bit after fupper,

710 But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.

711 *Boy*. Why come man, we shall haue good cheere

712 Anon at the bridehoufe ; for your maifters gone to

713 Church to be married alreadie, and thears

714 Such cheere as paffeth.

715 *San*. O braue, I would I had eate no meat this week,

716 For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie

717 To put a venfon pastie in, I thinke I shall burft my felfe

718 With eating, for Ile fo cram me downe the tarts

719 And the marchpaines, out of all crie.

720 *Boy*. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maifters

721 Married, thy miftrefse is fuch a deuill, as sheele make

722 Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee fo.

723 *San*. Let my maifter alone with hir for that, for

724 Heele make hir tame wel inough ere longe I warent thee

725 For he's fuch a churle waxen now of late that and he be

When I should bid good morrow to my Bride? 1502

And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit.* 1503

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire, 1504

We will perfwade him be it possible, 1505

To put on better ere he goe to Church. 1506

Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this. *Exit.* 1507

726 Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
727 But in my minde firra the yongest is a verie
728 Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
729 Not haue hir Ide haue a flinge at hir
730 My selfe, Ile see soone whether twill be a match
731 Or no : and it will not Ile set the matter
732 Hard for my selfe I warrant thee.
733 *Boy.* Sounes you slaue will you be a Riual with
734 My maister in his loue, speake but such
735 Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.
736 *San.* Oh, cruell iudgement, nay then firra,
737 My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
738 Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister,
739 Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
740 Villaine, therefore prepare thy selfe.
741 *Boy.* Come hither thou Imperfeckfious slaue in
742 Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
743 Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
744 Healing of thy left legge which I meane
745 Furiously to inuade, or to maime at the least.
746 *San.* O supernodicall foule? well Ile take your
747 two shillings but Ile barre striking at legges.
748 *Boy.* Not I, for Ile strike any where.
749 *San.* Here here take your two shillings again
750 Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
751 I gat a broken shin the other day,
752 Tis not, whole yet and therefore Ile not fight
753 Come come why should we fall out?
754 *Boy.* Well firray your faire words hath something
755 Alaied my Coller : I am content for this once
756 To put it vp and be frends with thee,

<i>Tra.</i> But fir, Loue concerneth vs to adde	1508
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe	1509
As before imparted to your worship,	1510
I am to get a man what ere he be,	1511
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,	1512

And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, 1513
 And make assurance heere in *Padua* 1514
 Of greater summes then I haue promised, 1515
 So shall you quietly enioy your hope, 1516
 And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent. 1517

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster 1518
 Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly : 1519
 'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage, 1520
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say no, 1521
 Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world. 1522

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into, 1523
 And watch our vantage in this bufineffe, 1524
 Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*, 1525
 The narrow prying father *Minola*, 1526
 The quaint Mufician, amorous *Litio*, 1527
 All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*. 1528

Enter Gremio. 1529

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church ? 1530

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole. 1531

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home ? 1532

Gre. A bridegroome say you ? 'tis a groome indeed, 1533
 A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde. 1534

Tra. Curfter then she, why 'tis impossible. 1535

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend. 1536

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme. 1537

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him : 1538

Ile tell you fir *Lucentio* ; when the Priest 1539

Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife, 1540

I, by goggs woones quoth he, and fwore so loud, 1541

That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke, 1542

And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp, 1543

This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe, 1544

That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest, 1545

Now take them vp quoth he, if any list. 1546

1559 757 But soft see where they come all from church,
758 Belike they be Married allredy.

1562 759 Enter *Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor*
760 *and Emelia and Aurelius and Philema.*

1569 761 *Feran.* Father farwell, my *Kate* and I must home,

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe? 1547

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
 swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after ma- 1548
 ny ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth 1550
 he, as if he had beene aboard carowing to his Mates af- 1551
 ter a storme, quast off the Muscadell, and threw the fops 1552
 all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that 1553
 his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske 1554
 him fops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the 1555
 Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a cla- 1556
 morous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did 1557
 eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and 1558
 after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad mar- 1559

ryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the min- 1560
 strels play. *Musicke playes.* 1561

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista. 1562

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains, 1563
 I know you thinke to dine with me to day, 1564
 And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere, 1565
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, 1566
 And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue. 1567

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night? 1568

Pet. I must away to day before night come, 1569
 Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse, 1570
 You would intreat me rather goe then stay: 1571
 And honest company, I thanke you all, 1572
 That haue beheld me giue away my selfe 1573
 To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife, 1574
 Dine with my father, drinke a health to me, 1575
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all. 1576

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner. 1577

Pet. It may not be. 1578

Gra. Let me intreat you. 1579

1587 762 Sirra go make ready my horfe presentlie.
763 *Alfon.* Your horfe! what fon I hope you doo but iest,
764 I am fure you will not go fo suddainly.

1591 765 *Kate.* Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
766 And not to trauell on my wedding day.

1610 767 *Feran.* Tut *Kate* I tell thee we must needes go home,
768 Villaine haft thou saddled my horfe?
769 *San.* Which horfe, your curtall?

<i>Pet.</i> It cannot be.	1580
<i>Kat.</i> Let me intreat you.	1581
<i>Pet.</i> I am content.	1582
<i>Kat.</i> Are you content to stay?	1583
<i>Pet.</i> I am content you shall entreat me stay,	1584
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.	1585
<i>Kat.</i> Now if you loue me stay.	1586
<i>Pet.</i> <i>Grumio</i> , my horse.	1587
<i>Gru.</i> I fir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the	1588
horses.	1589
<i>Kate.</i> Nay then,	1590
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,	1591
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,	1592
The dore is open fir, there lies your way,	1593
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene :	1594
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,	1595
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly furly groome,	1596
That take it on you at the first so roundly.	1597
<i>Pet.</i> O <i>Kate</i> content thee, prethee be not angry.	1598
<i>Kat.</i> I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?	1599
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leifure.	1600
<i>Gre.</i> I marry fir, now it begins to worke.	1601
<i>Kat.</i> Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,	1602
I see a woman may be made a foole	1603
If she had not a spirit to resist.	1604
<i>Pet.</i> They shall goe forward <i>Kate</i> at thy command,	1605
Obeie the Bride you that attend on her.	1606
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,	1607
Carowfe full measure to her maiden-head,	1608
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues :	1609
But for my bonny <i>Kate</i> , she must with me :	1610

- 770 *Feran.* Sounes you flaue stand you prating here ?
 771 Saddell the bay gelding for your Miftris.
 772 *Kate* Not for me : for Ile not go. (pence
 773 *San.* The oftler will not let me haue him, you owe ten
 774 For his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my miftris saddle.
 775 *Feran.* Here villaine go pay him straight.
 776 *San.* Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender.
 777 *Feran.* Out flaue and bring them presently to the dore
 778 *Alfon.* Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs
 1577 779 *San.* I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.
 780 *Feran.* Sounes villaine art thou here yet ? *Ex. Sander.*
 781 Come *Kate* our dinner is prouided at home.
 782 *Kate.* But not for me, for here I meane to dine.
 783 Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
 784 Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
 785 Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.
 786 *Feran.* I *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
 787 When as thy sisters here shall be espoufd,
 788 Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
 789 In better fort then now we can prouide,
 790 For here I promise thee before them all,
 791 We will ere long returne to them againe,
 792 Come *Kate* stand not on termes we will awaie,
 793 This is my day, to morrow thou shalt rule,
 794 And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
 795 Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
 796 It will be late before that we come home.

Nay, looke not big, nor flampe, nor stare, nor fret,	1611
I will be mafter of what is mine owne,	1612
Shée is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,	1613
My houſhold-ftuffe, my field, my barne,	1614
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,	1615
And heere ſhee ſtands, touch her who euer dare,	1616
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he	1617
That ſtops my way in <i>Padua</i> : <i>Grumio</i>	1618
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beſet with theeues,	1619

797 *Exit Ferando and Kate.*

798 *Pol.* Farwell *Ferando* since you will be gone.

1628 799 *Alfon.* So mad a cupple did I neuer see.

1625 800 *Emel.* They're euen as well macht as I would with.

801 *Phile.* And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.

802 For when he has don she will do what she list.

803 *Aurel.* Her manhood then is good I do beleuee.

804 *Pol. Aurelius* or else I misse my marke,

805 Her tounge will walke if she doth hold her handes,

806 *I* am in dout ere halfe a month be past

807 Hele curfe the priest that married him so soone,

808 And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,

809 For she is verie patient grone of late.

810 *Alfon.* God hold it that it may continue still,

811 I would be loth that they should disagree,

812 But he *I* hope will holde her in a while.

813 *Pol.* Within this two daies I will ride to him,

814 And see how louingly they do agree.

815 *Alfon.* Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,

816 What haue you sent to *Cestus* as you said,

817 To certifie your father of your loue,

818 For I would gladlie he would like of it,

819 And if he be the man you tell to me,

820 *I* gesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.

821 And *I* haue seene him oft at *Athens* here,

822 And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

823 *Pol.* And so to me whilest *Polidor* doth liue.

824 *Aurel.* I find it so right worthie gentlemen,

825 And of what worth your frendship I esteeme,

826 I leue censure of your feuerall thoughts,

827 But for requitall of your fauours past,

828 Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues

Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man :

1620

Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,

1621

Ile buckler thee against a Million.

Exeunt. P. Ka. 1622

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing. 1623

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh- 1624

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like. 1625

829 I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
 830 And for my fathers comming to this place,
 831 I do expect within this weeke at most. '
 832 *Alfon.* Inough *Aurelius*? but we forget
 833 Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
 834 Come let vs se what there they left behind. *Exit Omnes*

1636 835

Enter Sanders with two or three

836

seruing men

837 *San.* Come firs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,

Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sifter? 1626
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated. 1627
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated. 1628
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride- 1629
 For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants 1630
 You know there wants no iunkets at the feast: 1631
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place, 1632
 And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome. 1633
Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practife how to bride it? 1634
Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe. 1635
Enter Grumio. *Exeunt.* 1636

Gru.: Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, & 1637
 all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man 1638
 so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to 1639
 make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: 1640
 now were not I a little pot, & foone hot; my very lippes 1641
 might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my 1642
 mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire 1643
 to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my 1644
 selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I 1645
 will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis.* 1646

Enter Curtis. 1647

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly? 1648

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist 1649
 slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no 1650
 greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good 1651
Curtis. 1652

1658 838 For my Masters hard at hand and my new Miftris
839 And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.
840 *Tom.* Welcome home *Sander* firra how lookes our

1656 841 New Miftris they say she's a plagie shrew.

1665 842 *San.* I and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and thou
843 Dost not please her well, why my Maister
844 Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
845 like a madman.
846 *Will.* Why *Sander* what dos he say.
847 *San.* Why Ile tell you what : when they should
848 Go to church to be married he puts on an olde
1429 849 Ierkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
850 Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
851 Lookes as thou wilt burst thy felfe with laughing
852 When thou seest him : he's ene as good as a
853 Foole for me : and then when they should go to dinner
854 He made me Saddle the horse and away he came.
855 And nere tarried for dinner and therefore you had best

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*? 1653

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no 1654
water. 1655

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported. 1656

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou 1657
know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it 1658
hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my 1659
felfe fellow *Curtis*. 1660

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast. 1661

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot 1662
and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, 1663
or shall I complaine on thee to our mistress, whose hand 1664
(she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feelee, to thy 1665

cold comfort, for being flow in thy hot office. 1666

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the 1667
world? 1668

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, & 1669
therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my 1670
Master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 1671

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* 1672
the newes. 1673

1678 856 Get fupper reddy againft they come, for

Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou. 1674 1675

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching. 1676

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order? 1677 1678 1679 1680 1681 1682 1683

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes. 1684

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistress false out. *Cur.* How? 1685 1686

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale. 1687 1688

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*. 1689

Gru. Lend thine eare. 1690

Cur. Heere. 1691

Gru. There. 1692

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale. 1693

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listening: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistress. 1694 1695 1696 1697

Cur. Both of one horse? 1698

Gru. What's that to thee? 1699

Cur. Why a horse. 1700

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vnder her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie 1701 1702 1703 1704 1705 1706 1707 1708 1709

1741 857 They be hard at hand / am fure by this time.
858 *Tom.* Sounes fee where they be all redy.

things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli- 1710
uion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue. 1711

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she. 1712

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall 1713
finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? 1714

Call forth *Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Su-* 1715

gersop and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd 1716

their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indiffe- 1717

rent knit, let them curtie with their left legges, and not 1718

prefume to touch a haire of my Masters horfe-taile, till 1719

they kisse their hands. Are they all readie? 1720

Cur. They are. 1721

Gru. Call them forth. 1722

Cur. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister 1723
to countenance my mistris. 1724

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne. 1725

Cur. Who knowes not that? 1726

Gru. Thou it seemes, that cals for company to coun- 1727
tenance her. 1728

Cur. I call them forth to credit her. 1729

Enter foure or fve seruingmen. 1730

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them. 1731

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*. 1732

Phil. How now *Grumio*. 1733

Iof. What *Grumio*. 1734

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*. 1735

Nat. How now old lad. 1736

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel- 1737
low you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce 1738

companions, is all readie, and all things neate? 1739

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master? 1740

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be 1741

not——Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master. 1742

1743 859

*Enter Ferando and Kate.*1744 860 *Feran.* Now welcome *Kate*: wher'es these villains

1750 861 Here, what? not supper yet vpon the borde:

862 Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,

1751 863 Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

1752 864 *San.* Now, *adsum*, fir.865 *Feran.* Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,

1769 866 You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please

867 You to lay the cloth? founes the villaine

1772 868 Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.

869

He beates them all.

870

They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

1743

Pet. Where be these knaues? What no man at doore 1744

To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse? 1745

Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip.* 1746

All ser. Heere, heere fir, heere fir. 1747

Pet. Heere fir, heere fir, heere fir, heere fir. 1748

You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes : 1749

What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie? 1750

Where is the foolish knaue I sent before? 1751

Gru. Heere fir, as foolish as I was before. 1752

Pet. You pezant, fwain, you horfon malt-horse drudg 1753

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke, 1754

And bring along these rascal knaues with thee? 1755

Grumio. *Nathaniels* coate fir was not fully made, 1756

And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele : 1757

There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat, 1758

And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing : 1759

There were none fine, but *Adam, Rafe,* and *Gregory,* 1760

The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly, 1761

Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you. 1762

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.* 1763

Where is the life that late I led? 1764

Where are those? Sit downe *Kate,* 1765

And welcome. Soud, foud, foud, foud. 1766

Enter seruants with supper. 1767

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie. 1768

Off with my boots, you rogues : you villaines, when? 1769

It was the Friar of Orders gray, 1770

As he forth walked on his way. 1771

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie, 1772

- 1790 871 Sounes ? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate ?
1791 872 *Will.* Forfouth Iohn cooke.
873 He throwes downe the table and meate
874 and all, and beates them.
875 *Feran.* Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
- 1794 876 Out of my fight I say and beare it hence,
877 Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
878 *Is* there a fire in my chamber fir ?

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. 1773

Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa. 1774

Enter one with water. 1775

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence, 1776

And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither: 1777

One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with. 1778

Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water? 1779

Come *Kate* and wafh, & welcome heartily: 1780

you horfon villaine, will you let it fall? 1781

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling. 1782

Pet. A horfon beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue: 1783

Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke, 1784

Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I? 1785

What's this, Mutton? 1786

I. Ser. I. 1787

Pet. Who brought it? 1788

Peter. I. 1789

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate: 1790

What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke? 1791

How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser 1792

And serue it thus to me that loue it not? 1793

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: 1794

You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd slaues. 1795

What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight. 1796

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet, 1797

The meate was well, if you were so contented. 1798

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away, 1799

And I expreffely am forbid to touch it: 1800

For it engenders choller, planteth anger, 1801

And better 'twere that both of vs did fast, 1802

Since of our felues, our felues are chollericke, 1803

- 1807 879 *San.* I forfooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*
880 *Manent* seruimgmen and eate vp all the meate.
881 *Tom.* Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
882 Mad since he was maried.
883 *Will.* I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
884 For pulling of his bootes.

- 1818 885 *Enter Ferando againe.*
886 *San.* I hurt his foote for the nonce man.
887 *Feran.* Did you fo you damned villaine.
888 He beates them all out againe.
889 This humor must I holde me to a while,
890 To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife,
891 With curbes of hunger : ease : and want of sleepe,

- 1828 892 Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,

Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh : 1804
 Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended, 1805
 And for this night we'l fast for companie. 1806
 Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.* 1807

Enter Seruants seuerally. 1808

Nath. *Peter* didst euer see the like. 1809

Peter. He kils her in her owne humor. 1810

Grumio. Where is he ? 1811

Enter Curtis a Seruant. 1812

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continen- 1813
 cie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee 1814
 (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, 1815
 to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. *A-* 1816
 way, away, for he is comming hither. 1817

Enter Petruchio. 1818

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne, 1819
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully : 1820
 My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie, 1821
 And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd, 1822
 For then she neuer looks vpon her lure. 1823
 Another way I haue to man my Haggard, 1824
 To make her come, and know her Keepers call : 1825
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites, 1826
 That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient : 1827
 She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate. 1828

- 893 Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
 1823 894 And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
 895 Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
 896 As were the *Thracian* horſe *Alcides* tamde,
 897 That King *Egeus* fed with fleſh of men,
 898 Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
 1823 899 As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure. *Exit.*
 900 Enter *Aurelius* and *Valeria*.
 901 *Aurel.* *Valeria* attend : I haue a louely loue,
 902 As bright as is the heauen criſtalline,
 903 As faire as is the milke white way of Ioue,
 904 As chaſt as *Phœbe* in her ſommer ſportes,
 905 As ſofte and tender as the aſure downe,
 906 That circles *Cithereas* ſiluer doues.
 907 Her do *I* meane to make my louely bride,
 908 And in her bed to breath the ſweete content,
 909 That *I* thou knowſt long time haue aimed at.
 910 Now *Valeria* it reſts in thee to helpe
 911 To compaſſe this, that *I* might gaine my loue,
 912 Which eaſilie thou maiſt performe at will,
 913 If that the marchant which thou toldſt me of,
 914 Will as he ſayd go to *Alfonſos* houſe,
 915 And ſay he is my father, and there with all
 916 Paſ ouer certaine deedes of land to me,
 917 That *I* thereby may gaine my hearts deſire.
 918 And he is promiſed reward of me.
 919 *Val.* Feare not my Lord Ile fetch him ſtraight to you,
 920 For hele do any thing that you command,
 921 But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then ?

Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhe ſhall not :	1829
As with the meate, ſome vnderſerued fault	1830
Ile finde about the making of the bed,	1831
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulſter,	1832
This way the Couerlet, another way the ſheets :	1833
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,	1834
That all is done in reuerend care of her,	1835

And in conclusion, she shal watch all night, 1836
 And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle, 1837
 And with the clamor keepe her stil awake : 1838
 This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse, 1839
 And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor : 1840
 He that knowes better how to tame a shrew, 1841
 Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit* 1842

Enter Tranio and Hortensio : 1843

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistris *Bianca* 1844
 Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*, 1845
 I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand. 1846

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said, 1847
 Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching. 1848

Enter Bianca. 1849

Hor. Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade ? 1850

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolue me that ? 1851

Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue. 1852

Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art. 1853

Luc. While you sweet deere ptoue Mistresse of my 1854
 heart. 1855

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray, 1856
 you that durst sweare that your mistris *Bianca* 1857
 Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*. 1858

Tra. Oh delpightful Loue, vnconstant womankind, 1859
 I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull. 1860

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*, 1861
 Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee, 1862
 But one that scorne to liue in this disguise, 1863
 For such a one as leaues a Gentleman, 1864
 And makes a God of such a Cullion ; 1865
 Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*. 1866

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard 1867
 Of your entire affection to *Bianca*, 1868
 And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse, 1869
 I wil with you, if you be so contented, 1870
 Forswear *Bianca*, and her loue for euer. 1871

- 1898 922 *Aurel.* He is : and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
1900 923 And he meanes to tame his wife^rerelong.
1901 924 *Vale.* He saies so.
1902 925 *Aurel.* Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.
1903 926 *Val.* The taming schoole : why is there such a place ?
1904 927 *Aurel.* I : and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.
928 *Val.* Thats rare : but what *decorum* dos he vse ?
929 *Aurel.* Faith I know not : but by som odde deuise
930 Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,

Hor. See how they kiffe and court : Signior *Lucentio*, 1872
 Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow 1873
 Neuer ro woo her more, but do forfwear her 1874
 As one vnworthie all the former fauours 1875
 That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall. 1876

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath, 1877
 Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate, 1878
 Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him. 1879

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn 1880
 For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath. 1881
 I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow, 1882
 Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me, 1883
 As I haue lou'd this proud difdainful Haggard, 1884
 And so farewell signior *Lucentio*, 1885
 Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous looks 1886
 Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue, 1887
 In resolution, as I swore before. 1888

Tra. Mistris *Bianca*, bleffe you with such grace, 1889
 As longeth to a Louers blessed case : 1890
 Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue, 1891
 And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*. 1892

Bian. *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne 1893
 mee ? 1894

Tra. Mistris we haue. 1895

Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*. 1896

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now, 1897
 That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day. 1898

Bian. God giue him ioy. 1899

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her. 1900

Bianca. He sayes so *Tranio*. 1901

Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole. 1902

Bian. The taming schoole : what is there such a place ? 1903

Tra. I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master, 1904

- 931 By whome we must comprise our plotted drift,
932 That I may tell him what we haue to doo.
933 *Val.* Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him
934 straight.
935 *Aurel.* Agreed, then lets go. *Exennt*

That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,	1905
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.	1906
<i>Enter Biondello.</i>	1907
<i>Bion.</i> Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,	1908
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied	1909
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,	1910
Wil serue the turne.	1911
<i>Tra.</i> What is he <i>Biondello</i> ?	1912
<i>Bio.</i> Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,	1913
I know not what, but formall in apparrell,	1914
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.	1915
<i>Luc.</i> And what of him <i>Tranio</i> ?	1916
<i>Tra.</i> If he be credulous, and trust my tale,	1917
Ile make him glad to seeme <i>Vincentio</i> ,	1918
And giue assurance to <i>Baptista Minola</i> .	1919
As if he were the right <i>Vincentio</i> .	1920
<i>Par.</i> Take me your loue, and then let me alone.	1921
<i>Enter a Pedant.</i>	1922
<i>Ped.</i> God saue you sir.	1923
<i>Tra.</i> And you sir, you are welcome,	1924
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?	1925
<i>Ped.</i> Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,	1926
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,	1927
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.	1928
<i>Tra.</i> What Countreyman I pray?	1929
<i>Ped.</i> Of <i>Mantua</i> .	1930
<i>Tra.</i> Of <i>Mantua</i> Sir, marrie God forbid,	1931
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.	1932
<i>Ped.</i> My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.	1933
<i>Tra.</i> 'Tis death for any one in Mantua	1934
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?	1935

Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke	1936
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,	1937
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :	1938
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,	1939
you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.	1940
<i>Ped.</i> Alas fir, it is worfe for me then fo,	1941
For I haue bills for monie by exchange	1942
From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.	1943
<i>Tra.</i> Wel fir, to do you courtesie,	1944
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,	1945
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pifa ?	1946
<i>Ped.</i> I fir, in Pifa haue I often bin,	1947
Pifa renowned for graue Citizens.	1948
<i>Tra.</i> Among them know you one <i>Vincentio</i> ?	1949
<i>Ped.</i> I know him not, but I haue heard of him :	1950
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.	1951
<i>Tra.</i> He is my father fir, and sooth to say,	1952
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.	1953
<i>Bion.</i> As much as an apple doth an oyfter, & all one.	1954
<i>Tra.</i> To saue your life in this extremitie,	1955
This fauor wil I do you for his fake,	1956
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,	1957
That you are like to Sir <i>Vincentio</i> .	1958
His name and credite shal you vndertake,	1959
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,	1960
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,	1961
you vnderstand me fir : so shal you stay	1962
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie :	1963
If this be court'ie fir, accept of it.	1964
<i>Ped.</i> Oh fir I do, and wil repute you euer	1965
The patron of my life and libertie.	1966
<i>Tra.</i> Then go with me, to make the matter good,	1967
This by the way I let you vnderstand,	1968
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,	1969
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage	1970
'Twixt me, and one <i>Baptistas</i> daughter heere :	1971

1974 936 Enter *Sander and his Miftres.*
937 *San.* Come Miftris.

1989 938 *Kate.* *Sander* I prethe helpe me to fome meate,
939 I am fo faint that I can fcarfely ftande.
940 *San.* I marry miftris but you know my maifter
941 Has giuen me a charge that you muft eate nothing,
942 But that which he himfelfe giueth you.
943 *Kate.* Why man thy Maifter needs neuer know it.
944 *San.* You fay true indede : why looke you Miftris,

1997 945 What fay you to a peeſe of beeffe and muſtard now ?

In all these circumstances Ile instruct you, 1972
 Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.* 1973

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Entor Katherina and Grumio. 1974

Gru. No, no forfooth I dare not for my life. 1975
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears. 1976
 What, did he marrie me to famish me? 1977
 Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore, 1978
 Vpon intreatie haue a present almes, 1979
 If not, elfewhere they meete with charitie : 1980
 But I, who neuer knew how to intreat, 1981
 Nor neuer needed that I should intreate, 1982
 Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe : 1983
 With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed, 1984
 And that which spights me more then all these wants, 1985
 He does it vnder name of perfect loue : 1986
 As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate 1987
 'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death. 1988
 I prethee go, and get me some repast, 1989

I care not what, so it be holosome foode. 1990
Gru. What say you to a Neats foote? 1991
Kate. 'Tis pasing good, I prethee let me haue it. 1992
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate. 1993
 How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd? 1994
Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me. 1995
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke. 1996
 What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard? 1997

1998 946 *Kate*. Why I fay tis excellent meate, canst thou
947 helpe me to some?

948 *San*. I, I could helpe you to some but that

1998 949 I doubt the mustard is too collick for you,
950 But what fay you to a sheepes head and garlick?

2008 951 *Kate*. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

952 *San*. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath
953 stincke, and then my Maister will course me for letting
954 You eate it : But what fay you to a fat Capon?

955 *Kate*. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
956 Me to some of it.

957 *San*. Nay berlady then tis too deere for vs, we must
958 Not meddle with the Kings meate.

959 *Kate* Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
960 Take that for thy fawfineffe.

2008 961 She beates him.

962 *San*. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
963 Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.

964 *Kate*. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
965 Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.

966 *San*. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

2011 967 Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his
968 daggers point and *Polidor* with him.

Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.

• 1998

Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little. 1999

Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest. 2000

Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard 2001
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio. 2002

Kate. Then both or one, or anything thou wilt. 2003

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe. 2004

Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding flaue, 2005

Beats him. 2006

That feed'ft me with the verie name of meate. 2007

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you 2008

That triumph thus vpon my misery : 2009

Go get thee gone, I say. 2010

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate. 2011

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort ? 2012

Hor. Mistris, what cheere ? 2013

2017 969 *Feran.* Se here *Kate* I haue prouided mcate for thee,
2018 970 Here take it : what ift not worthie thanks,

2021 971 Goe firra ? take it awaie againe you shallbe
972 Thankfull for the next you haue.

2025 973 *Kate* Why I thanke you for it.
974 *Feran.* Nay now tis not worth a pin go firray and take
975 It hence I say.
976 *San.* Yes fir Ile Carrie it hence : Maister let her
977 Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
2022 978 *Pol.* I pray you fir let it stand, for Ile eate
979 Some with her my selfe.
980 *Feran.* Well firra set it downe againe.
981 *Kate.* Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
982 And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
983 Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
984 I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
985 Thou shalt not keepe me here nor feede me as thou list,
2031 986 For I will home againe vnto my fathers house.
987 *Feran.* I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
988 Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
989 Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,

2031 990 And I will goe vnto your Fathers house,
991 Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,

Kate. Faith as cold as can be. 2014

Pet. Plucke vp thy fpirits, looke cheerfully vpon me. 2015
 Heere Loue, thou feest how diligent I am, 2016
 To dresse thy meate my felfe, and bring it thee. 2017
 I am fure sweet *Kate*, this kindnesse merites thankes. 2018
 What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'ft it not : 2019
 And all my paines is forted to no prooffe. 2020
 Heere take away this difh. 2021

Kate. I pray you let it stand. 2022

Pet. The pooreft feruice is repaide with thankes, 2023
 And fo shall mine before you touch the meate. 2024

Kate. I thanke you fir. 2025

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame : 2026
 Come Miftris *Kate*, Ile beare you companie. 2027

Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou loueft mee : 2028
 Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart : 2029

Kate eate apace ; and now my honie Loue, 2030
 Will we returne vnto thy Fathers houle, 2031

- 1026 And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande,
 1027 A thousand massie in gots of pure gold,
 1028 And twise as many bares of siluer plate,
 1029 I freely giue him, and in writing straight,
 1030 I will confirme what I haue said in wordes.
 1031 *Alfon.* Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,
 1032 And louing care you beare vnto your son,
 2226 1033 And here I giue him freely my consent,
 1034 As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
 2224 1035 And I will enlarge her dowrie for your sake.
 1036 And solemne with ioie your nuptiall rites,
 1037 But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?
 1038 *Aurel.* He is the *Duke* of *Cestus* thrife renowned son,
 1039 Who for the loue his honour beares to me :
 1040 Hath thus accompanied me to this place.
 1041 *Alfonso.* You weare to blame you told me not before,
 1042 Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
 1043 Your honour had bin here in place with me,
 1044 I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.
 1045 *Val.* Thanks good *Alfonso* : but I did come to see
 1046 When as these marriage rites should be performed ;
 1047 And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe,
 1048 To honour thus the prince of *Cestus* frend,
 1049 In celebration of his spousall rites,
 1050 He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
 1051 What saies *Aurelius* father.
 1052 *Phylo.* I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
 1053 And ere we parte before your honor here :
 1054 Shall articles of such content be drawne,
 1055 As twixt our houses and posterities,
 1056 Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
 1057 Inuiolat and pure on either part :
 1058 *Alfonso.* With all my heart, and if your honour please,
 1059 To walke along with vs vnto my house,
 1060 We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.
 1061 *Val.* Come then *Aurelius* I will go with you. *Ex. omnes.*

1062 Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

1063 *San.* Mafter the haberdasher has brought my

1064 Miftrefse home her cappe here.

2040 1065 *Feran.* Come hither firra : what haue you there ?

2043 1066 *Habar.* A veluet cappe fir and it pleafe you.

1067 *Feran.* Who fpoke for it? didft thou *Kate*?

1068 *Kate.* What if I did, come hither firra, giue me

2049 1069 The cap, Ile fee if it will fit me.

1070 She fets it one hir head.

1071 *Feran.* O monftrous : why it becomes thee not,

1072 Let me fee it *Kate* : here firra take it hence,

1073 This cappe is out of fashion quite.

2084 1074 *Kate* The fahion is good inough : belike you,

And reuell it as brauely as the best, 2032
 With filken coats and caps, and golden Rings, 2033
 With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things : 2034
 With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry, 2035
 With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry. 2036
 What hast thou din'd ? The Tailor staies thy leasure, 2037
 To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure. 2038
 Enter Tailor. 2039
 Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments. 2040
 Enter Haberdasher. 2041
 Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you fir ? 2042
 Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake. 2043

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger, 2044
 A Veluet dith : Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy, 2045
 Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell, 2046
 A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap : 2047
 Away with it, come let me haue a bigger. 2048
 Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time, 2049

And Gentlewomen weare fuch caps as these. 2050
 Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too, 2051
 And not till then. 2052
 Hor. That will not be in hast. 2053
 Kate. Why fir I trust I may haue leaue to speake, 2054
 And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe, 2055
 Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde, 2056

- 2084 1075 Meane to make a foole of me.
2085 1076 *Feran.* Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee,
- 1077 To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
1078 firra begon with it.
- 1079 Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.
1080 *San.* Here is the *Taylor* too with my Miftris gowne.

And If you cannot, best you stop your eares, 2057
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, 2058
 Or els my heart concealing it wil breake, 2059
 And rather then it shall, I will be free, 2060
 Euen to the vttermost as I please in words. 2061

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap, 2062
 A custard coffen, a bauble, a filken pie, 2063
 I loue thee well in that thou lik'ft it not. 2064

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap, 2065
 And it I will haue, or I will haue none. 2066

Pet. Thy gowne, why I : come Tailor let vs see't. 2067
 Oh mercie God, what masking stufte is heere ? 2068
 Whats this ? a fleecue ? 'tis like demi cannon, 2069
 What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart ? 2070
 Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash, 2071
 Like to a Cenfor in a barbers shoppe : 2072
 Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'ft thou this ? 2073

Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne. 2074

Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well, 2075
 According to the fashion, and the time. 2076

Pet. Marrie and did : but if you be remembred, 2077
 I did not bid you marre it to the time. 2078
 Go hop me ouer euery kennell home, 2079
 For you shall hop without my custome fir : 2080
 Ile none of it ; hence, make your best of it. 2081

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne, 2082
 More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable : 2083
 Belike you meane to make a puppet of me. 2084

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee. 2085

Tail. She saies your Worship meanes to make a 2086
 puppet of her. 2087

2067 1081 *Feran.* Let me fee it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iaggges?

2096 1082 Sounes you villaine, thou haft spoiled the gowne. (tion,

2098 1083 *Taylor.* Why fir I made it as your man gaue me direc-

2110 1084 You may reade the note here.

2111 1085 *Feran.* Come hither firra : *Taylor* reade the note.

2118 1086 *Taylor.* Item a faire round compast cape.

2119 1087 *San.* I thats true.

2120 1088 *Taylor.* And a large truncke fleeu.

2121 1089 *San.* Thats a lie maister, I sayd two truncke fleeu.

1090 *Feran.* Well fir goe forward.

- Pet.* Oh monstrous arrogance : 2088
 Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble, 2089
 Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile, 2090
 Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou : 2091
 Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred : 2092
 Away thou Ragge, thou quantifie, thou remnant, 2093
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard, 2094
 As thou shalt thinke on prating whil't thou liu'ft : 2095
 I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne. 2096
Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made 2097
 Iust as my master had direction : 2098
Grumio gaue order how it should be done. 2099
Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stufte. 2100
Tail. But how did you desire it should be made ? 2101
Gru. Marrie fir with needle and thred. 2102
Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut ? 2103
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things. 2104
Tail. I haue. 2105
Gru. Face not mee : thou hast brau'd manie men, 2106
 braue not me ; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say 2107
 vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did 2108
 not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest. 2109
Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify. 2110
Pet. Reade it. 2111
Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so. 2112
Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne. 2113
Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow 2114
 me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot- 2115
 tome of browne thred : I said a gowne. 2116
Pet. Proceede. 2117
Tai. With a small compast cape. 2118
Gru. I confesse the cape. 2119
Tai. With a trunke sleeue. 2120
Gru. I confesse two sleeues. 2121

- 2118 1091 *Tailor.* Item a loofe bodied gowne.
 2114 1092 *San.* Maifter if euer I fayd loofe bodies gowne,
 2115 1093 Sew me in a feame and beate me to death,
 2116 1094 Witha bottome of browne thred.
 1095 *Tailor.* I made it as the note bad me.
 2112 1096 *San.* I fay the note lies in his throate and thou too,
 1097 And thou fayft it
 1098 *Taylor.* Nay nay nere befo hot firra, for I feare you not.
 2106 1099 *San.* Dooft thou heare *Taylor*, thou haft braued
 2107 1100 Many men : braue not me.
 2104 1101 *Thou'ft* fafte many men.
 1102 *Taylor.* Well fir.
 2106 1103 *San.* Face not me Ile nether be fafte nor braued
 1104 At thy handes I can tell thee.
 1105 *Kate.* Come come I like the fashon of it well enough,
 1106 Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it !,
 1107 And if you do not like it hide your eies,
 1108 I thinke I fhall haue nothing by your will.

- 2187 1109 *Feran.* Go I fay and take it vp for your maifters vfe.
 2188 1110 *San.* Souns : villaine not for thy life touch it not,
 2189 1111 Souns, take vp my miftris gowne to his
 1112 Maifters vfe ?

- Tai*: The sleeues curiously cut. 2123
- Pet*. I there's the villanie. 2124
- Gru*. Error i'th bill fir, error i'th bill? I commanded 2125
the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and 2126
that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar- 2127
med in a thimble. 2128
- Tail*. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place 2129
where thou shouldst know it. 2130
- Gru*. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue 2131
me thy meat-yard, and spare not me. 2132
- Hor*. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall haue no 2133
oddes. 2134
- Pet*. Well fir in breefe the gowne is not for me. 2135
- Gru*. You are i'th right fir, 'tis for my mistris. 2136
- Pet*. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse. 2137
- Gru*. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse 2138
gowne for thy masters vse. 2139

2140 1113 *Feran.* Well fir : whats your conceit of it.
 2141 1114 *San.* I haue a deeper conceite in it then you
 2142 1115 thinke for, take vp my Miftris gowne
 1116 To his maifters vfe ?

2146 1117 *Feran.* *Tailor* come hether : for this time take it

2148 1118 Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
 1119 *Taylor.* I thanke you fir. *Exit Taylor.*
 2149 1120 *Feran.* Come *Kate* we now will go fee thy fathers houle
 2150 1121 Euen in thefe honeft meane abilliments,
 2151 1122 Our purfes fhallbe rich, our garments plaine,

1123 To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage
 1124 And thats inough, what should we care for more
 1125 Thy fifters *Kate* to morrow muft be wed,
 1126 And I haue promifed them thou shouldft be there
 1127 The morning is well vp lets haft away,

2167 1128 It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Pet. Why fir, what's your conceit in that? 2140
Gru. Oh fir, the conceit is deeper then you think for : 2141
 Take vp my Miftris gowne to his mafters vfe. 2142

Oh fie, fie, fie. 2143

Pet. Hortenfio, fay thou wilt fee the Tailor paide : 2144
 Go take it hence, be gone, and fay no more. 2145

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow, 2146
 Take no vnkindneffe of his haftie words : 2147
 Away I fay, commend me to thy mafter. *Exit Tail.* 2148

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers, 2149
 Euen in thefe honeft meane habiliments : 2150
 Our purfes fhall be proud, our garments poore : 2151
 For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich. 2152
 And as the Sunne breakes through the darkeft clouds, 2153
 So honor peereth in the meaneft habit. 2154
 What is the Iay more precious then the Larke? 2155
 Becaufe his feathers are more beautifull. 2156
 Or is the Adder better then the Eele, 2157
 Becaufe his painted skin contents the eye. 2158
 Oh no good *Kate* : neither art thou the worfe 2159
 For this poore furniture, and meane array. 2160
 If thou accountedft it fhame, lay it on me, 2161
 And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith, 2162
 To feaft and fport vs at thy fathers houfe, 2163
 Go call my men, and let vs ftraight to him, 2164

And bring our horfes vnto Long-lane end, 2165
 There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote, 2166
 Let's fee, I thinke 'tis now fome feuen a clocke, 2167
 Aud well we may come there by dinner time. 2168

2160 1129 *Kate.* Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
1130 In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

2171 1131 *Feran.* I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

1132 *Kate.* I say tis tow a clock in the after noone.

2175 1133 *Feran.* It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
2174 1134 Come backe againe, we will not go to day.
2173 1135 Nothing but crossing of me still,
2175 1136 Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go. *Exeunt omnes.*

1137 Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*

1138 *Pol.* Faire *Emelia* sommers fun bright Queene,
1139 Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
1140 Where *Phæbus* in his bright æquator fits,
1141 Creating gold and preffious minneralls,
1142 What would *Emelia* doo? if I were forst
1143 To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world.
1144 *Eme.* Should thou assay to scale the seate of Ioue,
1145 Mounting the futtle ayrie regions
1146 Or be snacht vp as erste was *Ganimed*,
1147 Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires,
1148 And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
1149 Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

1150 *Aurel.* Sweetly refoled faire *Emelia*,
1151 But would *Phylema* say as much to me,
1152 If I should aske a question now of thee,
1153 What if the duke of *Cestus* only son,
1154 Which came with me vnto your fathers houle,
1155 Should seeke to git *Phylemas* loue from me,
1156 And make thee Duches of that stately towne,
1157 Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?
1158 *Phyle.* Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himselfe,
1159 Will *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue,

Kate. I dare assure you fir, 'tis almost two.

2169

And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

2170

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse :

2171

Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

2172

You are still crossing it, firs let't alone,

2173

I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,

2174

It shall be what a clock I say it is.

2175

1160 Could he install me *Empres* of the world,
 1161 Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens,
 1162 Yet would *I* not exchange thy loue for his,
 1163 Thy company is poore *Philemas* heauen,
 1164 And without thee, heauen were hell to me.
 1165 *Eme.* And should my loue as erste did *Hercules*
 1166 Attempt to passe the burning valtes of hell,
 1167 I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes,
 1168 As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
 1169 And rauishing found of his melodious harpe,
 1170 Intreate grim *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
 1171 That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.
 1172 *Phyle.* And should my loue as earst *Leander* did,
 1173 Attempte to swimme the boyling helispont
 1174 For *Heros* loue: no towers of brasse should hold
 1175 But I would follow thee through those raging fouds,
 1176 With lockes disheuered and my breft all bare,
 1177 With bended knees vpon *Abidas* shoore,
 1178 I would with smokie fighes and brinish teares,
 1179 Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods,
 1180 To send a guard of filuer sealed *Dolphyns*,
 1181 With sounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
 1182 And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
 1183 Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
 1184 Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
 1185 And with our pastime still the swelling waues.
 1186 *Eme.* Should *Polidor* as great *Achilles* did,
 1187 Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
 1188 Like to the warlike *Amasonian* Queene,
 1189 *Penthesilea* *HeElors* paramore,
 1190 Who soyld the bloudie *Pirrhys* murderous greeke,
 1191 Ile thrust my selfe amongst the thickest throngs,
 1192 And with my vtmost force assist my loue.
 1193 *Phyle.* Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,
 1194 Let *Neptune* swell, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,
 1195 I care not I, betide what may betide,

1196 Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can,
1197 I recke them not : they not discord with me,
1198 Whilst that my loue and *I* do well agree.
1199 *Aurel.* Sweet *Phylema* bewties mynerall,
1200 From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
1201 And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies,
1202 And now my liefest loue, the time drawes nie,
1203 That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
1204 Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
1205 As *Hellens* brothers on the horned Moone,
1206 Now *Iuno* to thy number shall I adde,
1207 The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.
1208 *Pol.* Come faire *Emelia* the preefe is gon,
1209 And at the church your father and the reste,
1210 Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
1211 And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot.
1212 That teeth of fretting time may nere vntwist,
1213 Then come faire loue and gratulate with me,
1214 This daies content and sweet solemnity. *Ex. Omnes*
1215 *Slie Sim* must they be married now ?
1216 *Lord.* I my Lord.

Hor. Why fo this gallant will command the funne. 2176

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio. 2177

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call. 2178

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued, 2179

Signior *Baptista* may remember me 2180

Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*. 2181

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*, 2182

Tis well, and hold your owne in any case 2183

With such austeritie as longeth to a father. 2184

Enter Biondello. 2185

Ped. I warrant you : but fir here comes your boy, 2186

,Twere good he were school'd. 2187

Tra. Feare you not him : firra *Biondello*, 2188

Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you : 2189

Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*. 2190

Bion. Tut, feare not me. 2191

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*. 2192

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*, 2193

And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*. 2194

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke, 2195

Here comes *Baptista* : let your countenance fir. 2196

Enter Baptista and Lucentio : Pedant booted 2197

and bare headed. 2198

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met : 2199

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of, 2200

I pray you stand good father to me now, 2201

Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony. 2202

Ped. Soft son : fir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua* 2203

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio* 2204

Made me acquainted with a waighty cause 2205

Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe : 2206

And for the good report I heare of you, 2207

And for the loue he beareth to your daughter, 2208

And she to him : to stay him not too long, 2209

I am content in a good fathers care 2210

To haue him matcht, and if you please to like 2211

No worfe then I, vpon some agreement 2212

Me shall you finde readie and willing 2213

With one consent to haue her so bestowed : 2214

For curious I cannot be with you 2215

Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well. 2216

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say, 2217

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well : 2218

Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here 2219

Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him, 2220

Or both dissemble deeply their affections : 2221

And therefore if you say no more then this, 2222

That like a Father you will deale with him, 2223

And passe my daughter a sufficient dower, 2224
 The match is made, and all is done, 2225
 Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent. 2226

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best 2227
 We be affied and such assurance tane, 2228
 As shall with either parts agreement stand. 2229

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know 2230
 Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants, 2231
 Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still, 2232
 And happilie we might be interrupted. 2233

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you, 2234
 There doth my father lie : and there this night 2235
 Weele passe the businesse priuately and well : 2236
 Send for your daughter by your seruant here, 2237
 My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie, 2238
 The worst is this that at so slender warning, 2239
 You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance. 2240

Bap. It likes me well : 2241
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie 2242
 straight : 2243

And if you will tell what hath hapned, 2244
Lucentios Father is arriued in *Padua*, 2245
 And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife. 2246

Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart. 2247
Exit. 2248

Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone. 2249
Enter Peter. 2250

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way, 2251
 Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere, 2252
 Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*. 2253

Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.* 2254

Enter Lucentio and Biondello. 2255

Bion. Cambio. 2256

Luc. What faist thou *Biondello*. 2257

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon 2258
 you? 2259

2201 1217 Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*
1218 *Slie.* Looke *Sim* the foole is come againe now.
1219 *Feran.* Sirra go fetch our horffes forth, and bring
1220 Them to the backe gate presentlie.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that? 2260

Biond. Faith nothing : but has left mee here behinde 2261
to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to- 2262
kens. 2263

Luc. I pray thee moralize them. 2264

Biond. Then thus : *Baptista* is faze talking with the 2265
deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne. 2266

Luc. And what of him? 2267

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the 2268
supper. 2269

Luc. And then. 2270

Bio. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your 2271
command at all houres. 2272

Luc. And what of all this. 2273

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a 2274
counterfeit assurance : take you assurance of her, *Cum* 2275
preuilegio ad Impremendum solem, to th' Church take the 2276
Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnessses : 2277

If this be not that you looke fot, I haue no more to say, 2278
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day. 2279

Luc. Hear'ft thou *Biondello*. 2280

Biond. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an 2281
afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to 2282
stufte a Rabbit, and so may you sir : and so adew sir, my 2283
Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid 2284
the Priest be readie to come against you come with your 2285
appendix. *Exit.* 2286

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented : 2287
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt : 2288
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her : 2289
It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.* 2290

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio 2291

1231 *San.* I will fir *I* warrant you, *Exit Sander.*

2304 1232 *Feran.* Come *Kate* the Moone fhines cleere to night
1233 methinkes. *Kate.*
1234 *Kate.* The moone? why husband you are deceiud
2306 1235 It is the fun.

2301 1226 *Feran.* Yet againe : come backe againe it shall be
2302 1227 The moone ere we come at your fathers.

2306 1228 *Kate.* Why Ile fay as you fay it is the moone.

2309 1229 *Feran.* Iesus faue the glorious moone.
2310 1230 *Kate.* Iesus faue the glorious moone.
1231 *Feran.* I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe

2312 1232 I know it well thou knowest it is the fun,
1233 But I did trie to fee if thou wouldst speake
1234 And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
1235 And trust me *kate* hadst thou not named the moone.
1236 We had gon back againe as fure as death,

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our 2292
 fathers : 2293
 Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone. 2294

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne : it is not Moonelight 2295
 now. 2296
Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright. 2297
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright. 2298
Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe, 2299
 It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list, 2300
 Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house : 2301
 Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe, 2302
 Euermore croft and croft, nothing but croft. 2303
Hort. Say as he faies, or we shall neuer goe. 2304
Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre, 2305
 And be it moone, or funne, or what you please : 2306
 And if you please to call it a rush Candle, 2307
 Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me. 2308
Petr. I say it is the Moone. 2309
Kate. I know it is the Moone. 2310

Petr. Nay theu you lye : it is the blessed Sunne. 2311
Kate. Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun, 2312

But funne it is not, when you say it is not, 2313
 And the Moone changes euen as your minde : 2314
 What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is, 2315
 And so it shall be so for *Katherine*. 2316
Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won. 2317
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should 2318
 And not vnluckily against the Bias : (run, 2319

2890 1237 But foft whose this thats comming here.

2821 1238 Enter the *Duke of Cestus* alone.

1239 *Duke.* Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
 1240 And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
 1241 To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
 1242 To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes,
 1243 But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
 1244 Good fir can you direct me the way to *Athens*?

1245 *Ferando* speakes to the olde man.

2828 1246 Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
 1247 More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
 1248 Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
 1249 Of *Amithefts* or glistering *Hiasinthe*,
 1250 More amiable farre then is the plain,
 1251 Where gliftring *Cepherus* in filuer boures,
 1252 Gafeth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
 2829 1253 Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.
 2890 1254 *Duke.* I thinke the man is mad he calles me a woman.

2832 1255 *Kate.* Faire louely lady, bright and Chrifalline,
 1256 Bewteous and stately as the eie-traind bird,
 1257 As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
 1258 Within whose eies she takes her dawningbeames,
 1259 And golden fommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
 1260 Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
 1261 Least that thy bewty make this stately towne,
 1262 Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*,
 1263 With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

1623 *The Taming of the Shrew* 235

But soft, Company is comming here' 2320

Enter Vincentio. 2321

Good morrow gentle Miftris, where away : 2322

Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too, 2323

Haft thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman : 2324

Such warre of white and red within her cheekes : 2325

What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie, 2326

As those two eyes become that heauenly face ? 2327

Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee : 2328

Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake. 2329

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman
of him. 2330
2331

Kate. Yong budding Virgin faire, and fresh, & sweet, 2332

2337 1264 *Duke.* What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
 1265 That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
 1266 But they are mad fure, and therefore Ile begon,
 1267 And leaue their companies for fear of harme,

2351 1268 And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son.
 1269 *Exit Duke.*

1270 *Feran.* Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
 1271 And kindly too: why thus must we two liue,
 1272 One minde, one heart, and one content for both,
 1273 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 1274 And glad he is I am fure, that he is gone,
 1275 But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
 1276 And now perswade him to his shape againe.

Ex. omnes.

1277 Enter *Alfonso and Phylotus and Valeria,*
 1278 *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Phylema.*

1279 *Alfon.* Come louely fones your marriage rites
 1280 performed,

Whether away, or whether is thy aboade? 2333

Happy the Parents of so faire a childe; 2334

Happier the man whom fauourable stars 2335

A lots thee for his louely bedfellow. 2336

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad, 2337

This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered, 2338

And not a Maiden, as thou faist he is. 2339

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies, 2340

That haue bin so bedazled with the funne, 2341

That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene: 2342

Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father: 2343

Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking. 2344

Petr. Do good old grandfire, & withall make known 2345

Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs, 2346

We shall be ioyfull of thy companie. 2347

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Miftris, 2348

That with your strange encounter much amafde me: 2349

My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*, 2350

And bound I am to *Padua*, there to vifite 2351

1281 Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
 1282 I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
 1283 Comes not to see this great solemnitie.
 1284 *Pol.* No maruell if *Ferando* be away,
 1285 His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,
 1286 That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
 1287 For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
 1288 Hath brought him to his nightcappe long agoe.
 1289 *Phylo.* But *Polidor* let my son and you take heede,
 1290 That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
 1291 And now *Alfonso* more to shew my loue,
 1292 If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
 1293 My selfe will fraught them with *Arabian* filkes,
 1294 Rich affrick spices *Arras* counter poides,
 1295 Muske *Cassia* : sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
 1296 Pearle, curroll, christall, iett, and iuorie,
 1297 To gratulate the fauors of my son,
 1298 And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.
 1299 *Vale.* And for to honour him and this faire bride,
 1300 Enter the *Duke of Cestus*.
 1301 Ile yerly send you from my fathers courte,
 1302 Chests of refind fuger feuerally,
 1303 Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
 1304 To celibrate and solemnise this day,
 1305 And custome free your marchants shall conuerse :
 1306 And interchange the profits of your land,
 1307 Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for leade,
 1308 Caffes of filke for packes of woll and cloth,
 1309 To binde this friendship and confirme this league.
 1310 *Duke.* I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
 1311 Are you become the *Duke of Cestus* son,
 1312 And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
 1313 Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.
 1314 *Val.* Sounes it is the *Duke* what shall I doo,
 1315 Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist ?
 1316 *Duke.* Her's no villaine : he will not know me now,

A fonne of mine, which long I haue not seene. 2352
Petr. What is his name? 2353
Vinc. Lucentio gentle fir. 2354
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne : 2355
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age, 2356
I may intitle thee my louing Father, 2357
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman, 2358
Thy Sonne by this hath married : wonder not, 2359
Nor be not griued, she is of good esteeme, 2360
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth ; 2361
Beside, so qualified, as may befeeme 2362
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman : 2363
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*, 2364
And wander we to see thy honest sonne, 2365
Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous. 2366
Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure, 2367
Like pleafant traualors to breake a Iest 2368
Vpon the companie you ouertake ? 2369
Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is. 2370
Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof, 2371
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.* 2372
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart ; 2373
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward, 2374
Then hast thou taught *Hortentio* to be vntoward. *Exit.* 2375

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianea, Gremio 2376
is out before. 2377

Biond. Softly and swiftly fir, for the Priest is ready. 2378
Luc. I flie *Biondello* ; but they may chance to neede 2379
hee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit.* 2380
Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe, 2381
and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can. 2382
Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while. 2383

- Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio* 2384
with Attendants. 2385
- Petr.* Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houfe, 2386
 My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place, 2387
 Thither muft I, and here I leaue you fir. 2388
- Vin.* You fhall not choofe but drinke before you go, 2389
 I thinke I fhall command your welcome here ; 2390
 And by all likelihood fome cheere is toward. *Knock.* 2391
- Grem.* They're bufie within, you were beft knocke 2392
 lowder. 2393
- Pedant looks out of the window.* 2394
- Ped.* What's he that knockes as he would beat downe 2395
 the gate ? 2396
- Vin.* Is Signior *Lucentio* within fir ? 2397
- Ped.* He's within fir, but not to be fpoken withall. 2398
- Vinc.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or 2399
 two to make merrie withall. 2400
- Ped.* Keepe your hundred pounds to your felfe, hee 2401
 fhall neede none fo long as I liue. 2402
- Petr.* Nay, I told you your fonne was well beloued in 2403
Padua : doe you heare fir, to leaue friuolous circumftan- 2404
 ces, I pray you tell fignior *Lucentio* that his Father is 2405
 come from *Pifa*, and is here at the doore to fpeake with 2406
 him. 2407
- Ped.* Thou lieft his Father is come from *Padua*, and 2408
 here looking out at the window. 2409
- Vin.* Art thou his father ? 2410
- Ped.* I fir, fo his mother faies, if I may beleuee her. 2411
- Petr.* Why how now gentleman : why this is flat kna- 2412
 uerie to take vpon you another mans name. 2413
- Peda.* Lay hands on the villaine, I beleuee a meanes 2414
 to cofen fome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance. 2415
- Enter Biondello.* 2416
- Bio.* I haue feene them in the Church together, God 2417
 fend'em good fhipping : but who is here ? mine old Ma- 2418

2423 1317 But what say you ? haue you forgot me too ?

1318 *Phylo.* Why fir, are you acquainted with my son ?

1319 *Duke.* With thy son ? no trust me if he be thine,

1320 I pray you fir who am I ?

2488 1321 *Aurel.* Pardon me father : humblie on my knees,

1322 I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

1323 *Duke.* Peace villaine : lay handes on them,

fter *Vincentio* : now wee are vndone and brough to no- 2419
thing. 2420

Vin. Come hither crackhempe. 2421

Bion. I hope I may choofe Sir. 2422

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot 2423

mee ? 2424

Biond. Forgot you, no fir : I could not forget you, for 2425
I neuer saw you before in all my life. 2426

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer 2427
see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio* ? 2428

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master ? yes 2429
marie fir see where he lookes out of the window. 2430

Vin. Ist so indeede. *He beates Biondello.* 2431

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur- 2432
der me. 2433

Pedant. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista.* 2434

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of 2435
this controuerfie. 2436

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio. 2437

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser- 2438
uant ? 2439

Vinc. What am I fir : nay what are you fir : oh immor- 2440
tall Goddes : oh fine villaine, a filken doubtlet, a vel- 2441
uet hofe, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat : oh I am 2442
vndone, I am vndone : while I plaie the good husband 2443
at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vni- 2444
uersitie. 2445

Tra. How now, what's the matter ? 2446

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke ? 2447

- 2466 1324 And fend them to prifon straight.
1325 *Phylotus and Valeria* runnes away.
1326 Then *Slie* fpeakes.
- 2470 1327 *Slie*. I fay wele haue no fending to prifon.
1328 *Lord*. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in ieft.
1329 *Slie*. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no fending,
1330 To prifon thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
1331 Therefore I fay they fhall not go to prifon.
1332 *Lord*. No more they fhall not my Lord,
1333 They be run away.
1334 *Slie*. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,
1335 Then gis fome more drinke, and let them play againe.
1336 *Lord*. Here my Lord.
- 1337 *Slie* drinke and then falls a fleepe.

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by
your habit : but your words shew you a mad man : why
fir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold : I thank
my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father : oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in
Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake fir, you mistake fir, praie what do
you thinke is his name ?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name : I haue
brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and
his name is *Tronio.*

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and
he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me fig-
nior *Vincentio.*

Ven. Lucentio : oh he hath muredred his Master ; laie
hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name : oh my
sonne, my sonne : tell me thou villaine, where is my son
Lucentio ?

Tra. Call forth an officer : Carrie this mad knaue to

the Iaile : father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be
forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Iaile ?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prifon.

1338 *Duke.* Ah trecherous boy that durst perfume,
 1339 To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
 1340 I sweare by fayre *Cintheas* burning rayes,
 1341 By *Merops* head and by seauen mouthed *Nile*,
 1342 Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,
 1343 Were in thy breft the worlds immortall foule,
 1344 This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull cheft,
 1345 And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,
 1346 Turne hence thy face : oh cruell impious boy,
 1347 *Alfonso* I did not thinke you would perfume,
 1348 To mach your daughter with my princely house,
 1349 And nere make me acquainted with the cause.

2474 1350 *Alfon.* My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace,
 1351 I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
 1352 Had bin the *Duke* of *Cestus* noble son,
 1353 Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.
 2484 1354 *Duke.* That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
 1355 Whome I did send guide vnto my son,
 1356 Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
 1357 That I might muster bands of hellish feendes,
 1358 To rack his heart and teare his impious foule.
 1359 The ceaselesse turning of celestiall orbes,
 1360 Kindles not greater flames in fitting aire,
 1361 Then passionate anguish of my raging breft,
 1362 *Aurel.* Then let my death sweet father end your grieve,
 1363 For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
 1364 Then be reuengd on me for here I sweare,
 1365 That they are innocent of what I did,
 1366 Oh had I charge to cut of *Hydraes* hed,
 1367 To make the topleffe *Alpes* a champion field,
 1368 To kill vntamed monsters with my sword,
 1369 To trauell dayly in the hottest sun,
 1370 And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,

Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I faie he shall goe to 2471
prison. 2472

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be con- 2473
catcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right 2474

1371 *I* would with gladnesse vndertake them all,
1372 And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
1373 So that my noble father at my returne,
1374 Would but forget and pardon my offence,
1375 *Phile.* Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
1376 To pardon him and let my death discharge
1377 The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.
1378 *Pol.* And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace,
1379 To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
1380 Taynt not your princely minde with griefe my Lord,

- Vincentio.* 2475
Ped. Swear if thou dar'ft. 2476
Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it. 2477
Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lu-* 2478
centio. 2479
Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio.* 2480
Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him. 2481
Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Biancu. 2482
Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abused : oh mon- 2483
 strous villaine. 2484
Bion. Oh we are spoild, and yonder he is, denie him, 2485
 forswear him, or else we are all vndone. 2486
Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be. 2487
Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.* 2488
Vin. Liues my sweete sonne ? 2489
Bian. Pardon deere father. 2490
Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio* ? 2491
Luc: Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vin-* 2492
centio, 2493
 That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine, 2494
 While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie. 2495
Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all. 2496
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio,* 2497
 That fac'd and braued me in this matter so ? 2498
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio* ? 2499
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio.* 2500

2507 1381 But pardon and forgiue theſe louers faults,
 1382 That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.
 1383 *Emel.* Great prince of *Ceſtus*, let a womans wordes,
 1384 Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
 1385 Both for your princely ſon, and vs my Lord.
 1386 *Duke. Aurelius* ſtand vp I pardon thee,
 1387 I ſee that vertue will haue enemies,
 1388 And fortune willbe thwarting honour ſtill,
 1389 And you faire virgin too I am content,
 1390 To accept you for my daughter ſince tis don,
 1391 And ſee you princely vsde in *Ceſtus* courte.
 1392 *Phyle.* Thankes good my Lord and I no longer liue,
 1393 Then I obey and honour you in all :
 1394 *Alfon.* Let me giue thankes vnto your royall grace,
 1395 For this great honor don to me and mine,
 1396 And if your grace will walke vnto my houſe,
 1397 I will in humbleſt maner I can, ſhow
 1398 The eternall ſeruice I doo owe your grace.
 1399 *Duke* Thanks good *Alfonſo* : but I came alone,
 1400 And not as did beſeeme the *Ceſtian Duke*,
 1401 Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
 1402 That I was here and thus without my traine,
 1403 But as I came alone ſo will I go,

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue 2501
 Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*, 2502
 While he did beare my countenance in the towne, 2503
 And happilie I haue arriued at the last 2504
 Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse : 2505
 What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to ; 2506
 Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake. 2507

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent 2508
 me to the Iaile. 2509

Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my 2510
 daughter without asking my good will ? 2511

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to : 2512
 but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.* 2513

Bap. And I to found the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.* 2514

2518 1404 And leaue my fon to folemnife his feaft,
 1405 And ere't belong Ile come againe to you,
 1406 And do him honour as befeemes the fon
 1407 Of mightie *Ierobell* the *Ceftian Duke*,
 1408 Till when *Ile* leaue you, Farwell *Aurelius*.
 1409 *Aurel.* Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your fhip.

2529

*Exeunt Omnes.**Slie* fleepes.

1410 *Lord.* Whoe within there? come hither fir my Lords
 1411 A fleepe againe : go take him eafily vp,
 1412 And put him in his one apparell againe,
 1413 And lay him in the place where we did find him,
 1414 Iuft vnderneath the alehoufe fide below,
 1415 But fee you wake him not in any cafe.
 1416 *Boy.* It fhall be don my Lord come helpe to beare him
 1417 hence, *Exit.*

1418 Enter *Ferando*, *Aurelius* and *Polidor*
 1419 and his boy and *Valeria* and *Sander*.

1420 *Feran.* Come gentlemen now that fuppers donne,
 1421 How fhall we fpend the time till we go to bed ?

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. 2515

Exeunt. 2516

Gre. My cake is doug,hbut Ile in among the rest, 2517

Out of hope of all, but my fhare of the feast. 2518

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe. 2519

Petr. Firft kiffe me *Kate*, and we will. 2520

Kate. What in the midft of the ftreete? 2521

Petr. What art thou aſham'd of me? 2522

Kate. Mo fir, God forbid, but aſham'd to kiſſe. 2523

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's
awaie. 2525

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kiſſe, now praie thee 2526

Loue ſtaie. 2527

Petr. Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate*. 2528

Better once then ueuer, for neuer to late. *Exeunt.* 2529

Actus Quintus.

<i>Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and</i>	2580
<i>Bianca, Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow :</i>	2581
<i>The Servingmen with Tranio bringing</i>	2582
<i>in a Banquet.</i>	2583
<i>Luc.</i> At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,	2584
And time it is when raging warre is come,	2585
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne :	2586
My faire <i>Bianca</i> bid my father welcome,	2587
While I with selfefame kindnesse welcome thine :	2588
Brother <i>Petruchio</i> , sister <i>Katerina</i> ,	2589
And thou <i>Hortentio</i> with thy louing <i>Widdow</i> :	2590
Feast with the best, and welcome to my houle,	2591
My Banket is to close our stomakes vp	2592
After our great good cheere : praie you sit downe,	2593
For now we sit to chat as well as eate.	2594
<i>Petr.</i> Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.	2595
<i>Bap.</i> <i>Padua</i> affords this kindnesse, sonne <i>Petruchio</i> .	2596
<i>Petr.</i> <i>Padua</i> affords nothing but what is kinde.	2597
<i>Hor.</i> For both our sakes I would that word were true.	2598
<i>Pet.</i> Now for my life <i>Hortentio</i> feares his Widow.	2599
<i>Wid.</i> Then neuer trust me if I be affeard.	2600
<i>Petr.</i> You are verie fencible, and yet you misse my	2601
fence :	2602
I meane <i>Hortentio</i> is afeard of you.	2603
<i>Wid.</i> He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.	2604
<i>Petr.</i> Roundlie replied.	2605
<i>Kat.</i> Mistris, how meane you that ?	2606
<i>Wid.</i> Thus I conceiue by him.	2607
<i>Petr.</i> Conceiues by me, how likes <i>Hortentio</i> that ?	2608
<i>Hor.</i> My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.	2609
<i>Petr.</i> Verie well mended : kisse him for that good	2610
Widdow.	2611
<i>Kat.</i> He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,	2612

I praie you tell me what you meant by that. 2563

Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew, 2564

Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe : 2565

And now you know my meaning. 2566

Kate. A verie meane meaning. 2567

Wid. Right, I meane you. 2568

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you. 2569

Petr. To her *Kate*. 2570

Hor. To her *Widdow*. 2571

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down. 2572

Hor. That's my office. 2573

Petr. Spoke like an Officer : ha to the lad. 2574

Drinckes to Hortentio. 2575

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes ? 2576

Gre. Beleue me sir, they But together well. 2577

Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie, 2578

Would say your Head and But were head and horne. 2579

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you ? 2580

Bian. I, but not frightened me, therefore Ile sleepe a-
gaine. 2582

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun :
Haue at you for a better iest or too. 2584

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow. 2586

You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.* 2587

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist. 2590

Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master. 2592

Petr. A good swift simile, but something curriish. 2593

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe :
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie. 2595

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now. 2596

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*. 2597

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here ? 2598

2605 1422 *Aurel.* Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,

2607 1423 Who will come fownest at their husbands call.

1424 *Pol.* Nay then *Ferando* he must needs fit out,

1425 For he may call I thinke till he be weary,

1426 Before his wife will come before she list.

1427 *Feran.* Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues,

1428 Yet in this triall will I not fit out,

1429 It may be *Kate* will come as soone as yours.

1430 *Aurel.* My wife comes sooneft for a hundred pound.

1431 *Pol.* I take it : Ile lay as much to youres,

1432 That my wife comes as soone as I do fend.

1433 *Aurel.* How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.

1434 *Feran.* Why true I dare not lay indeede ;

1435 But how, so little mony on so fure a thing,

1436 A hundred pound : why I haue layd as much

2612 1437 Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,

1438 She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,

2614 1439 But will you lay five hundred markes with me,

1440 And whose wife sooneft comes when he doth call

1441 And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,

2608 1442 Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,

1443 Now what say you ? dare you aduenture thus ?

1444 *Pol.* I weare it a thousand pounds I durst perfume

2616 1445 On my wiues loue : and I will lay with thee.

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Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse : 2599
 And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me, 2600
 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right. 2601

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*, 2602
 I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all. 2603

Petr. Well, I say no : and therefore fir assurance, 2604
 Let's each one fend vnto his wife, 2605
 And he whose wife is most obedient, 2606
 To come at first when he doth fend for her, 2607

Shall win the wager which we will propose. 2608

Hort. Content, what's the wager ? 2609

Luc. Twentie crownes. 2610

Petr. Twentie crownes, 2611
 Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound, 2612

But twentie times so much vpon my Wife. 2613

Luc. A hundred then. 2614

Hort. Content. 2615

Petr. A match, 'tis done. 2616

1446

Enter *Alfonso*.1447 *Alfon.* How now fons what in conference so hard,

1448 May I without offence, know where abouts.

1449 *Aurel.* Faith father a waightly cause about our wiues

1450 Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,

1451 And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,

1452 He must inioie the wager to himselfe.

1453 *Alfon.* Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,

1454 I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,

1455 And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

1456 *Feran.* Tush father were it ten times more,1457 I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,

1458 But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

1459 *Aurel.* Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.1460 *Pol.* And so will I vpon my faith I vow.1461 *Feran.* Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.1462 *Alfon.* I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose1463 *Aurel.* Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*

2619 1464 Go bid your Mistris come to me.

1465 *Val.* I will my Lord.1466 *Exit Valeria.*1467 *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound.

1468 Would any lay ten hundred more with me,

1469 I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

1470 *Feran.* I pray God you haue not laid too much already.1471 *Aurel.* Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,

1472 For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

2623 1473

Enter *Valeria* againe.

2624 1474 Now firra what saies your mistris ?

Hor. Who shall begin ?

2617

Luc. That will I.

2618

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Miftris come to me.

2619

Bio. Igoe.

Exit. 2620

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

2621

Luc. Ile haue no halues : Ile beare it all my felfe.

2622

Enter Biondello.

2623

How now, what newes ?

2624

2628 1475 *Val.* She is something busie but shele come anon.
 1476 *Feran.* Why so, did not I tell you this before,
 2627 1477 She is busie and cannot come. (fwere)

2630 1478 *Aurel.* I pray God your wife send you so good an an-
 1479 She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.
 1480 *Feran.* Well well : *Polidor* send you for your wife.

2632 1481 *Pol* Agreed *Boy* desire your mistris to come hither.
 1482 *Boy.* I will fir *Ex. Boy.*

2634 1483 *Feran.* I so so he defiers her to come.
 1484 *Alfon. Polidor* I dare presume for thee,
 1485 I thinke thy wife will not deny to come.
 1486 And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,
 1487 That your wife came not when you sent for her.

2637 1488 Enter the *Boy* againe.

2638 1489 *Pol.* Now wheres your Mistris ?
 2639 1490 *Boy.* She bad me tell you that she will not come,
 2640 1491 And you haue any businesse, you must come to her.

2642 1492 *Feran.* Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
 1493 Worfe then a blasfing starre, or snow at midfommer,
 1494 Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
 1495 She will not come : but he must come to her.
 1496 *Pol.* Well fir I pray you lets here what
 1497 Answere your wife will make.
 2643 1498 *Feran.* Sirra, command your Mistris to come
 2644 1499 To me presentlie. *Exit Sander.*
 1500 *Aurel.* I thinke my wife for all she did not come,

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Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word 2625
That she is busie, and she cannot come. 2626

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that 2627
an answere? 2628

Gre. I, and a kinde one too: 2629
Praise God for your wife send you not a worfe. 2630

Petr. I hope better. 2631

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to 2632

come to me forthwith. *Exit. Bion.* 2633

Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needs 2634

come. 2635

Hor. I am affraid for, doe what you can 2636

Enter Biondello. 2637

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife? 2638

Bion. She saies you haue some goodly left in hand, 2639
She will not come: she bids you come to her. 2640

Petr. Worfe and worfe, she will not come: 2641
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd: 2642

Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris, 2643

Say I command her come to me. *Exit.* 2644

1501 Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,

2647 1502 For I am sure *Ferandos* wife, she will not come.

2648 1503 *Feran.* The mores the pittie : then I must lose.

2649 1504 Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

2650 1505 But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.

2651 1506 *Kate.* Sweet husband did you send for me ?

1507 *Feran.* I did my loue I sent for thee to come,

1508 Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head

1509 *Kate.* Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

2674 1510 *Feran* Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,

1511 Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.

1512 She takes of her cap and treads on it.

1513 *Pol.* Oh wonderfull metamorphosis.

2657 1514 *Aurel.* This is a wonder : almost past beleefe.

1515 *Feran.* This is a token of her true loue to me,

2667 1516 And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,

2652 1517 Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

2653 1518 *Kate.* They be fitting in the bridall chamber.

2654 1519 *Feran.* Fetch them hither and if they will not come,

2656 1520 Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

1521 *Kate.* I will.

1522 *Alfon.* I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne,

1523 Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Hor. I know her anfwere. 2645

Pet. What? 2646

Hor. She will not. 2647

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end. 2648

Enter Katerina. 2649

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*. 2650

Kat. What is your will fir, that you fend for me? 2651

Petr. Where is your sifter, and *Hortensios* wife? 2652

Kate. They fit conferring by the Parler fire. 2653

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come, 2654

Swinge me them foundly forth vnto their husbands : 2655

Away I fay, and bring them hither straight. 2656

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder. 2657

Hor. And fo it is : I wonder what it boads. 2658

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie : 2659

And to be fhorte, what not, that's sweete and happie. 2660

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio* ; 2661

The wager thou haft won, and I will adde 2662

Vnto their loffes twentie thoufand crownes, 2663

Another dowrie to another daughter, 2664

For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had neuer bin. 2665

2687 1524 *Feran.* But you shall see she will do more then this,
 1525 For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

2670 1526 Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her,
 1527 and makes them come vnto their husbands call.

2671 1528 *Kate* See husband I haue brought them both.

1529 *Feran.* Tis well don *Kate*.

2659 1530 *Eme.* I fure and like a louing peece, your worthy
 1531 To haue great praise for this attempt.

2677 1532 *Phyle.* I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

1533 *Aurel.* Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast

2680 1534 Loft me a hundred pound to night.

1535 For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

1536 *Pol.* But thou *Emelia* hast loft me a great deale more.

1537 *Eme.* You might haue kept it better then,

2681 1538 Who bad you lay?

1539 *Feran.* Now louely *Kate* before there husbands here,

2682 1540 I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women,

2683 1541 What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

1542 *Kate.* Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills,

1543 Now list to me and marke what I shall say,

1544 Theternall power that with his only breath,

1545 Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

1546 Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,

1547 For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,

1548 Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,

1549 Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet, 2667

And show more signe of her obedience, 2668

Her new built vertue and obedience. 2669

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow. 2670

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues 2671

As prifoners to her womanlie perfwasion : 2672

Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not, 2673

Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote. 2674

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to figh, 2675

Till I be brought to fuch a fillie paffe. 2676

Bian. Fie what a foolifh dutie call you this ? 2677

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolifh too : 2678

The wifdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*, 2679

Hath coft me five hundred crownes fince fupper time. 2680

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie. 2681

Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell thefe head-ftrong 2682

women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and huf- 2683

1550 The first world was, a forme, without a forme,
1551 A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
1552 A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
1553 Where all the elements were orderles,
1554 Before the great commander of the world,
1555 The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
1556 Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,
1557 And made all things to stand in perfit course.
1558 Then to his image he did make a man.
1559 Olde *Adam* and from his side a sleepe,
1560 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
1561 The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
1562 Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
1563 And for her sin was *Adam* doomd to die,
1564 As *Sara* to her husband, so should we,

bands.	2684
<i>Wid.</i> Come, come, your mocking : we will haue no	2685
telling.	2686
<i>Pet.</i> Come on I fay, and first begin with her.	2687
<i>Wid.</i> She shall not.	2688
<i>Pet.</i> I fay she shall, and first begin with her.	2689
<i>Kate.</i> Fie, fie, vnknit that thretaning vnkinde brow,	2690
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,	2691
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.	2692
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,	2693
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,	2694
And in no fence is meete or amiable.	2695
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,	2696
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,	2697
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie	2698
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.	2699
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,	2700
Thy head, thy soueraigne : One that cares for thee,	2701
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body	2702
To painfull labour, both by sea and land :	2703
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,	2704

2718 1565 Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them,
1566 If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,

2731 1567 Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
1568 If that by that we, might procure there ease,
2732 1569 And for a president Ile first begin,
2733 1570 And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete
1571 She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.
2741 1572 *Feran.* Inough sweet, the wager thou haft won,
1573 And they I am fure cannot denie the fame.
2663 1574 *Alfon.* I Ferando the wager thou haft won,
1575 And for to shew thee how *I* am pleas'd in this,

Whil'ft thou ly'ft warme at home, fecure and fafe, 2705
 And craues no other tribute at thy hands, 2706
 But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience ; 2707
 Too little payment for fo great a debt. 2708
 Such dutie as the fubieft owes the Prince, 2709
 Euen fuch a woman oweth to her husband : 2710
 And when fhe is froward, peeuiſh, fullen, fowre, 2711
 And not obedient to his honeft will, 2712
 What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebelle, 2713
 And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord ? 2714
 I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple, 2715
 To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace : 2716
 Or feeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway, 2717
 When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay. 2718

Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth, 2719
 Vnap't to toyle and trouble in the world, 2720
 But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts, 2721
 Should well agree with our externall parts ? 2722
 Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes, 2723
 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours, 2724
 My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more, 2725
 To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne ; 2726
 But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes : 2727
 Our ſtrength as weake, our weakenefſe paſt compare, 2728
 That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are. 2729
 Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote, 2730
 And place your hands below your husbands foote : 2731

In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe, 2732
 My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe. 2733

♪

1576 A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
 2005 1577 Another dowry for another daughter,
 2006 1578 For she is not the same she was before.
 2742 1579 *Feran.* Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
 1580 For *Kate* and *I* will leaue you forto night,

2740 1581 Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are fped.
 1582 Andso farwell for we will to our beds.

2743 1583 *Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.*
 1584 *Alfon.* Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?
 1585 *Aurel.* Beleeue me father I reioice to see,
 1586 *Ferando* and his wife so louingly agree.
 1587 *Exit Aurelius and Phylema and*
 1588 *Alfonso and Valeria.*
 1589 *Eme.* How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou
 1590 man?
 1591 *Pol.* I say thou art a shrew.
 1592 *Eme.* Thats better then a sheepe.
 1593 *Pol.* Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.
 1594 *Exit Polidor and Emelia.*

1595 Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
 1596 Owne apparrell againe, and leaues him
 1597 Where they found him, and then goes out.
 1598 Then enter the *Tapster.*
 1599 *Tapster.* Now that the darkefome night is ouerpast,
 1600 And dawning day apeares in cristall sky,

Pet. Why there's a wench : Come on, and kisse mee 2734
Kate. 2735
Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou fhalt ha't. 2736
Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward. 2737
Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward, 2738
Pet. Come *Kate*, weee'le to bed, 2739
We three are married, but you two are fped. 2740

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white, 2741
And being a winner, God giue you good night. 2742
Exit Petruchio 2743

Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst 2744
Shrow. 2745
Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd fo. 2746

1601 Now must I haft abroad : but soft whose this ?
 1602 What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
 1603 Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
 1604 But that his belly was so stuf with ale,
 1605 What how *Slie*, Awake for shame.
 1606 *Slie*. *Sim* gis some more wine : whats all the
 1607 Plaiers gon : am not I a Lord ?
 1608 *Tapster*. A Lord with a murrin : come art thou
 1609 dronken still ?
 1610 *Slie*. Whose this ? *Tapster*, oh Lord firra, I haue had
 1611 The braueft dreame to night, that euer thou
 1612 Hardest in all thy life.
 1613 *Tapster*. I marry but you had best get you home,
 1614 For your wife will course you for dreming here to night,
 1615 *Slie* Will she ? I know now how to tame a shrew,
 1616 I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
 1617 And thou haft wakt me out of the best dreame
 1618 That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
 1619 Wife presently and tame her too
 1620 And if she anger me.
 1621 *Tapster*. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
 1622 And heare the rest that thou haft dreamt to night.

1623

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS



FINIS.



THE TAMING OF THE (A) SHREW.
COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1594 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	22	None corresponding
A 3	85	" "
A (v) (or blank)	152	" "
B 2	218	" "
B 3	285	" "
B (v) (or blank)	333	" "
C	421	" "
C 2	489	
C 3	550	1020
C (v) (or blank)	623	None corresponding
D	689	" "
D 2	756	" "
D 3 (not marked)	823	" "
D (v) (or blank)	889	" "
E	957	" "
E 2	1023	" "
E 3 (not marked)	1085	" "
E (v) (or blank)	1155	
F	1223	2294
F 2	1285	None corresponding
F 3	1352	" "
F (v) (or blank)	1417	" "
G	1486	" "
G 1 (not marked)	1545	" "
	1612	" "

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 208	1	1st column, page 219	1393
2d " " 208	48	2d " " 219	1459
1st " " 209	96	1st " " 220	1524
2d " " 209	161	2d " " 220	1586
1st " " 210	227	1st " " 221	1651
2d " " 210	291	2d " " 221	1717
1st " " 211	354	1st " " 222	1782
2d " " 211	420	2d " " 222	1848
1st " " 212	486	1st " " 223	1914
2d " " 212	551	2d " " 223	1975
1st " " 213	616	1st " " 224	2040
2d " " 213	682	2d " " 224	2106
1st " " 213*	747	1st " " 225	2173
2d " " 213*	812	2d " " 225	2236
1st " " 215	877	1st " " 226	2300
2d " " 215	941	2d " " 226	2365
1st " " 216	1007	1st " " 227	2429
2d " " 216	1073	2d " " 227	2494
1st " " 217	1139	1st " " 228	2563
2d " " 217	1203	2d " " 228	2620
1st " " 218	1268	1st " " 229	2685
2d " " 218	1328	2d " " 229	2716

* Misprinted in Folio.

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3 2044 024 826 174

